TOTAL RECALL II

Screenplay by
Gary Goldman
Ronald Shusett
Robert Goethals

based on the short story
"The Minority Report"
by Philip K. Dick

CAROLCO PICTURES
8800 SUNSET BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CA 90069
(310) 850-8800

FLUFFY CUMULUS CLOUDS

float in a deep blue sky. We're flying through them -- like in a dream.

TITLES ROLL

We skim the craggy peaks of high mountains, and a virgin planet stretches before our eyes -- a vast red desert fractured by a network of narrow canyons. Two pale moons hang ghostlike near the horizon. We approach...

A SQUARE OF BRILLIANT GREEN IN THE DISTANCE.

It's a farm. And further on, more farms, closer together. Country roads merge with tubular highways. New towns dot the landscape. Bridges cross chasms. Until we arrive at the convergence of three canyons and discover...

A HYPERMODERN CITY OF STEEL AND GLASS...

draping down the sides of the cliffs. And beyond it, brand new suburbs stretching for miles in the shade of the canyons, serviced by shopping centers and industrial parks on the surface, which is now green with grass and shrubbery.

Far away, dominating the plain, is a magnificent mountain...

THE PYRAMID VOLCANO.

A gigantic column of vapor jets continuously from its mouth, forming a huge white mushroom cloud. And around it, a circular rainbow -- like a halo.

As we near the volcano, the vegetation becomes lush and verdant -- even tropical.

A SLOW WIDE RIVER

flows placidly through dense jungle. A low-pitched RUMBLE grows louder. And suddenly our river plunges over a precipice.

A TITANIC WATERFALL

thunders into a bottomless gorge. And all around it, a dozen other rivers cascade from great heights into...

THE MARTIAN GRAND CANYON,

which has become an interplanetary tourist attraction, "PYRAMID FALLS," crowded with footpaths and scenic overlooks, snack bars and souvenir shops.

SUPER LAST TITLE:

MARS
Eight Years Later

EXT. PYRAMID FALLS - DAY

A canopied TOUR BOAT chugs through the pool at the base of the Falls. AUSTEN GIBBONS, a friendly young tour guide, mid-twenties, stands at the prow in a yellow raincoat, reciting his routine to a group of tourists from Earth.

AUSTEN
...to Pyramid Falls, the greatest natural wonder on Mars. Already twice as mighty as Niagara, the Falls are expected to triple in volume over the next ten years. That's how long it'll take for the alien reactor inside the volcano to finish making our atmosphere.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE FALLS - DAY

TWO POLICE AIRSHIPS sweep over the treetops and land next to the ticket kiosks. SIX UNIFORMED OFFICERS charge out of one vessel and prepare for a bust.

DOUGLAS QUAID

steps out of the other, dressed in a well-tailored dark suit. Since we last saw him -- fleeing for his life in work clothes -- Quaid has acquired an air of success and authority. He addresses the cops who await his instructions.

QUAID
Okay, let's do it.
(cocks his gun)
And Pulaski, try not to shoot any tourists.

PULASKI smirks unpleasantly as Quaid leads his men toward the gates. We HOLD ON the airship door, which is emblazoned with a police shield and the department name: "PRECRIME."

EXT. TOUR BOAT / BASE OF THE FALLS - DAY

As the tour guide continues his spiel, we can't help noticing that he is extremely simian in appearance -- not unattractive, but definitely a mutant.

AUSTEN
Now as some of you might know, we used to have a little radiation problem here on Mars.
(grins, self-deprecating)
But that's all in the past. Our atmosphere now blocks out all the harmful rays. In fact, more people are moving to Mars these days than any other Northbloc colony.

EXT. PYRAMID FALLS PARK - DAY

Quaid and six cops charge along the main promenade, weaving through the crowd. They turn down a smaller path labeled, "BOAT RIDES."

EXT. TOUR BOAT - DAY

The tour boat passes under the cataract. Tourists squeal with delight as they get drenched by the swirling spray.

EXT. BOAT LANDING - DAY

Quaid and his Precrime cops arrive at the dock, which is crowded with visitors waiting to board. He turns to DONNELLY, a heavyset detective with a cherubic face.

QUAID
Clear the area, fast.

Scoping the scene, Quaid sees Pulaski trying to make a quick score with a receptive EARTH GIRL in short pants.

EXT. TOUR BOAT

Tourists dry their faces as the boat pulls into the landing.

AUSTEN
Well, that about wraps up our tour, folks. It's been a pleasure being your guide today. All of us here at the Falls want to wish you a wonderful visit to Mars....

Austen leaps ashore and lends a hand to an elderly passenger.

AUSTEN (CONT'D)
...and a safe trip back to Earth.

Two Precrime cops (MARQUEZ and PARKHURST) grab Austen from behind and shove him roughly up against a wooden post.

AUSTEN
Wha...

Quaid's standing in front of him.

QUAID
Austen Gibbons?

AUSTEN
Yeah, what's this about?

QUAID
What do you think it's about?

Austen looks completely puzzled.

QUAID (CONT'D)
You're under arrest for the future murder of Melissa Vogel, some time today, here at the Falls.

AUSTEN
Are you crazy? I'm not gonna kill anybody!

QUAID
(to Donnelly)
Read him his rights.

AUSTEN
I don't believe this...

Tourists watch, appalled, as Marquez and Parkhurst manhandle their sweet young guide -- trying to cuff him. Martian locals, standing nearby, respond with whistles and catcalls.

DONNELLY
You've been found guilty by a jury of three precogs who witnessed you commit the future murder of Melissa Vogel.

AUSTEN
Melissa who?

DONNELLY
Under the Precrime legal code, you can file a writ of mistaken identity. Otherwise, you'll be punished exactly as if this homicide had already been committed....

BYSTANDERS
Fascists! / Precrime's a fraud!

With surprising strength, Austen drags Parkhurst and Marquez toward Quaid and shouts in his face.

AUSTEN
Why me, Quaid? You got any evidence?

QUAID
(turns away)
That's not how it works.

While Quaid radios to headquarters. Austen bucks furiously to get at him.

AUSTEN
You can't see the future! That's bullshit!

Donnelly shoves Austen away and, together with Marquez, struggles to twist his arm back.

AUSTEN (CONT'D)
You don't like somebody, you just say he's a killer and lock him up!
(writhing)
It's cause I'm a mutant! That's what it is!

The cops are in trouble. Nearby, Pulaski collects a phone number from that pretty tourist.

DONNELLY
Hey, Pulaski, could you give us a hand, goddammit!

Unleashing his coiled strength, Austen snaps Parkhurst's arm with a loud CRACK. Parkhurst SCREAMS!

Austen slams Donnelly into a tree trunk and kicks Marquez into the water.

Quaid and four Precrime cops converge on him.

Austen drops into a crouch and makes an amazing leap eight feet straight up onto the upper deck of the tour boat.

Gaping in wonder, the cops pull their guns.

QUAID
Get down here, Gibbons.

Austen now makes an even more astounding leap up into an overhanging tree. He pulls himself into the canopy of leaves and disappears from view.

Quaid and his men fire up into the foliage at a dark shape which springs from branch to branch with inhuman speed and agility.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Force him into the open!

The Precrime cops run beneath Austen, sweeping him with gunfire to the edge of the wooded area. Down below, bystanders have turned the escape into a circus.

STAIRCASE TO SUMMIT

Austen bursts from the treetops and lands on the stairs, eyes wild with desperation. He mounts the steps three at a time, shoving and trampling those who get in his way.

QUAID AND THREE PRECRIME COPS

charge up the steps behind him, weapons drawn, inciting more panic. One of the cops takes a shot.

AUSTEN

zigs, and A TINY DART hits a tourist in the shoulder. He collapses instantly.

A MAZE OF PARALLEL RAILS

is filled with tourists waiting to enter the main viewing platform. Austen leaps up without missing a step and strides powerfully from rail to rail through the screaming crowd.

Precrime cops in hot pursuit try the same stunt -- and crash.

EXT. PANORAMIC TERRACE - DAY

Austen races along a stretch of railing, jumps over the ticket-taker, and sprints across the viewing terrace with the thundering Falls in the background.

QUAID

appears from another direction with Donnelly and three cops.

QUAID
Evacuate the terrace. You three come with me.

Officers ALLEN, BARKER, and CHARLES continue with Quaid.

EXT. JUNGLY CLIFF - DAY

Austen vaults a gate and hurtles along the steep footpath that zigzags up the treacherous slope to the Falls.

Quaid swings over the gate, ahead of his men.

Austen cuts across the switchbacks, pulling himself straight up the slope with his big-knuckled hands.

Officer Allen, trying to follow, slips, flattens against the slope, and slides thirty yards. Just as he's about to disappear over the precipice, he grabs hold of a root.

Quaid pauses a beat. Allen waves him on.

AUSTEN

leaves the footpath and clambers through uncharted jungle.

Officer Barker tries to follow him and gets stranded in a spot too steep to traverse. Quaid and Charles persevere, charging up the trail.

EXT. PANORAMIC TERRACE - DAY

Donnelly's squad urgently shepherds tourists off the terrace. A portly GRANDMOTHER holding a LAPDOG is looking back, holding up traffic.

DONNELLY
Move along, ma'am. You can find your friends later.

EXT. JUNGLY CLIFF - DAY

Austen pause to rest against a tree. Quaid stops and takes careful aim with his gun.

ON AUSTEN

A stream of tiny darts stitches into the bark next to his face. He twists away and continues his ascent.

ON OFFICER CHARLES

firing his pistol on the run. His footing gives way. He slides downhill and crashes into a tree with a sickening thud.

ON QUAID

arriving at the summit, gun in hand, looking for Austen, when suddenly...

WHAM!

A foot kicks the pistol from his hand.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Three more swift kicks in the face.

Quaid grabs the foot and yanks Austen out of a tree.

With great effort, he overpowers the mutant, flips him onto his stomach, and wrenches one arm behind his back.

QUAID
Give it up. Now.

ON AUSTEN

As he struggles ferociously, A HUGE BULGE forms in the back of Austen's pants. The rear seam stretches taut under the pressure.

RIP! A PINK FLESHY PROTUBERANCE pushes through the stitching about eight inches! And then eight more! And then the SNAKE-LIKE ORGAN -- covered by wrinkly skin and scraggly hairs -- slides out three more feet and coils around Quaid's neck like a boa constrictor!

AUSTIN'S TAIL is strangling Quaid!

Quaid grabs it and tries to pry it loose. Instead, it tightens its grip. Desperate, Quaid bites it!

Austen HOWLS and scurries up the incline, out of sight.

Gathering his breath, Quaid wearily clambers after him.

LIGHTING INSTALLATION

Austen arrives at a spot where several klieg lights are positioned to illuminate the Falls at night. From here, the Panoramic Terrace can be clearly seen.

PANORAMIC TERRACE

Cops are herding the last few tourists from the area, including the portly grandmother with the lapdog. The little dog jumps from her arms and scampers back onto the terrace. Instinctively, the grandmother runs after her precious pet.

Her purse strap snags on a post. She runs on, leaving it there.

DONNELLY
Lady, no!

He runs after her, some distance back.

LIGHTING INSTALLATION

Austen grabs a SMALL DEVICE from a fuse box. Quaid tackles him. Austen presses the RED BUTTON as he hits the ground.

A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION rocks the cliff underneath the Panoramic Terrace.

PANORAMIC TERRACE

The portly grandmother stops short, a lone figure on the wide terrace. Spidery cracks vein the pavement around her. Suddenly, the whole terrace crumbles beneath her and collapses into the Falls.

Donnelly stops in shock next to the post with her purse.

The little dog prances near the edge and barks.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANORAMIC TERRACE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

Quaid emerges from the jungly cliff and shoves Austen into the hands two cops, who hustle him onto a waiting airship. Donnelly approaches his boss and hands him the grandmother's purse.

DONNELLY
The precogs weren't lyin'.

Quaid glances at the name embossed on the inside: MELISSA VOGEL.

QUAID
They never do.

He hands the purse back to Donnelly and resolutely approaches the mob of hostile TV REPORTERS who are clamoring for him outside the police cordon.

REPORTER A
This fiasco makes Precrime look pretty bad, Commissioner. Will it weaken public support?

QUAID
This is the first time in four years that Precrime has failed to prevent a murder. I think that's a pretty good record. -- And we saved hundreds

REPORTER B
Is the killer a Southbloc terrorist?

QUAID
That's under investigation.

REPORTER C
It's clear Precrime is unconstitutional, Mr. Quaid. Would you still say it's infallible?

Quaid glares, exasperated, at the smug reporter.

QUAID
We failed to arrest a suspect, and what happened? He committed his crime exactly as predicted. To me, this proves the system works. When Precrime says you're guilty, you're guilty.

DONNELLY
Excuse us.

Donnelly clears the way to the waiting airship. Quaid gets one foot on board, and the jumpjets kick in.

REPORTER A
Rumor has it, Commissioner, you're unhappy about the new number two man being brought into the department.

QUAID
(turns, forced smile)
When Chief Witwer arrives from New York, he'll have my full cooperation.

The airship starts to rise with the door still open.

INT. AIRSHIP

Quaid shuts the door and walks through the passenger cabin. The cops are winding down. Quaid stops next to Pulaski.

QUAID
You fucked up.

PULASKI
The case was prefucked, sir.

Some of the cops chuckle. Quaid grabs Pulaski and lifts him out of his seat.

QUAID
A woman died out there.
(beat)
I'm bringing you up for disciplinary action.

Quaid tosses Pulaski down and moves on.

PULASKI
I'm the scapegoat, huh?

EXT. AIRSHIP IN FLIGHT - DAY

The airship banks sharply and PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS comes into view atop a bare plateau. We see only a LANDING PAD FOR AIRSHIPS and a SPACE SHUTTLE HANGAR, both perched at the edge of a canyon. As we approach, we see that underneath the landing pad, a GLASS-WALLED OFFICE TOWER drapes down one side of the gorge. On the opposite side, BANKS OF MIRRORS reflect daylight through the windows.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME - SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

This is the unit where SQUAD LEADERS receive assignments from the SHIFT COMMANDER, in this case, LT. LISA McARTHUR, a tough law enforcement executive in a conservative suit. Although she makes no attempt to adorn herself, her beauty isn't easy to conceal.

Lisa marches past an empty cubicle and calls to the cop in the next module.

LISA
Nolan, where's your squad leader?

NOLAN
He's tied up, Lieutenant.

LISA
Get him off the can. We're looking at two would-be corpses next week at the turbinium mine.

Quaid stalks through the unit without stopping.

QUAID
McArthur, I'd like to see you in my office, please.

LISA
Right there, sir. Just a minute.

She hands Nolan THREE ARREST CARDS.

LISA (CONT'D)
You've got three shooters to track down.

INT. QUAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Quaid sweeps into his office, which is cluttered with case folders, office reports, and a wall map of Mars, a breaking the planet down into sectors. Through a large window, we see Quaid's sixty-ish, red-haired secretary, ALICE.

Quaid drops into his chair and pops on the TV NEWS. One panel in the wall is replaced with a VIDEO REPLAY of himself at the Falls, answering the last question as the airship rises. Then broadcast cuts back to the newsroom.

ANCHORWOMAN
Our show continues with a debate between two legislators with opposing views about Precrime: Senate President Byron Sullivan, who supports the program, and Senator Arlene Rice, leader of the Independence Party, who opposes it. Senators, welcome.

SENATOR RICE is a hard-edged, middle-aged woman. There's a knock on the door. It's Lisa.

LISA
Hi. I heard about what happened.

Quaid waves her in, distracted.

QUAID
They're debating our future.

SENATOR SULLIVAN
...her groundless theoretical objections. Today alone, hundreds of lives were saved at the Falls by Precrime's early warning. You're not against that, are you Senator Rice?

SENATOR RICE
I'm afraid Senator Sullivan fails to grasp the point. The Martian people just won't stand for a system that punishes people for crimes that haven't been committed.

SENATOR SULLIVAN
These crimes have been committed, Senator. They just haven't been committed yet.

LISA
What a slimeball.

QUAID
It's a good thing he's on our side.

SENATOR RICE
I'm sorry, Mr Sullivan, but I happen to believe in free will -- something the Northbloc war machine still denies to the Martian people.

He kills the set, discouraged.

LISA
It's not your fault. You did everything you could.

He sulks, unforgiving of himself. She leans on his desk and presses a button. The window to the anteroom goes opaque.

LISA (CONT'D)
I've been thinking about you all morning.

Quaid can't help but smile. She kisses him on the lips.

LISA (CONT'D)
I was worried.

QUAID
Lisa, I haven't got time for this.

She mounts him with careless grace, unbuckling his belt at the same time.

LISA
It won't take long. -- I'm so ready.

QUAID
No, really, I'm not in the mood.

She wriggles on top of him and sticks her tongue in his ear.

LISA
(whispers)
I think I'm detecting a mood swing.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTEROOM / QUAID'S OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

ALICE, Quaid's crusty secretary, looks up from her keyboard and sees a large man in a wrinkled suit standing at her desk. Mid-forties, weathered streetwise face, the beginnings of a paunch, ED WITWER seems very comfortable with himself. He's amiably direct and speaks with a strong New York accent.

ANNIE
Can I help you?

WITWER
Could you tell him Ed Witwer's here to see him.

ANNIE
(surprised but composed)
Mr. Witwer, Commissioner Quaid isn't expecting you until tomorrow.

WITWER
My flight got in early, so I thought I'd drop by.

He smiles broadly.

INT. QUAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Quaid and Lisa are in the throes of passion.

BEEP! It's the vidphone on his desk.

They ignore it.

BEEP!

Quaid rolls their creaking chair closer to the desk so he can read the printed message.

QUAID
Great...

LISA
What is it?

QUAID
He's here.

LISA
Who?

QUAID
Witwer.

Lisa's sexy demeanor instantly evaporates.

LISA
I thought he was coming tomorrow.

QUAID
He wants to psych me out.

Quaid is ready to finish what they started, but Lisa rolls off him.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Hey, let him wait.

Quaid sighs as Lisa hurriedly buttons her shirt.

INT. ANTEROOM / QUAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Witwer peruses the certificates and photos on the wall. Quaid is pictured shaking hands with VIPs.

ALICE
Mr. Witwer, the Commissioner is occupied right now. He'll be with you in just a minute.

WITWER
Honey, get me black coffee, two sugars. Would ya please?
(afterthought)
Maybe a jelly doughnut, too, if you got one.

ALICE
(half to herself)
Do I look like a waitress?

Witwer turns and faces the TWO OFFICIAL PORTRAITS on the wall. There's Quaid, posed rather stiffly. And also an intense, beetle-browed man who looks somewhat like Beethoven. The bronze plaque on the frame reads: "ERIC HEINEMANN, Inventor of Precrime."

QUAID (O.S.)
Witwer?

Witwer turns to Quaid with a nice friendly smile.

WITWER
Quaid! Good to finally meet you.
(shakes hands)
I've been following this crazy program since it got started. -- Believe me, I could've used a few precogs in New York.

Alice returns with coffee and a doughnut.

ALICE
Sorry. No jelly.

WITWER
Thanks, honey.
(to Quaid)
She's a pistol.

ALICE
(to Quaid)
Anything for you, sahib?

She arches a knowing eyebrow. He gives her a cautionary look and leads Witwer toward his office.

QUAID
How was your flight?

WITWER
(stretching)
My back's killing me. God, I hate space travel.

Quaid ushers Witwer inside.

INT. QUAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa stands nervously at the far end of the room.

QUAID
This is Lieutenant McArthur; she's Shift Commander. -- Ed Witwer, former chief of...

WITWER
Oh maaan, Lisa!

LISA
Hi, Ed...

WITWER
I thought I'd bump into you, but not this fast.

Witwer gives her a big bear hug. Lisa smiles, embarrassed.

QUAID
(stiffly)
You know each other?

WITWER
She trained under me in New York.
(to Lisa)
You didn't tell him?

LISA
(to Quaid)
I didn't think he was showing up till tomorrow.

WITWER
She was my star murder cop, Quaid. I begged her to stay in New York.

Witwer notices that Lisa's shirt tail is sticking out.

WITWER (CONT'D)
Kept morale up in the unit too. She wouldn't let a little homicide ruin your whole day.

Lisa tucks in her shirt.

QUAID
(irritated)
Shall we get down to business, Or is this just a social call?

WITWER
I like to mix 'em together.

Everyone takes a seat.

QUAID
Senator Sullivan asked me to make room for you in the department. So I have. You'll build cases against suspects after they're arrested...

WITWER
That's what I'm good at.

QUAID
And answer questions from the press about evidence, witnesses, motives -- all the things Precrime has made obsolete.

WITWER
Quaid, buddy, relax. I'm not here to break your balls.
(more)

WITWER (Cont'd)
I mean, why bother with the legal shit if you don't have to, right? But those liberal fruits are getting ready to shut you down.

Quaid doesn't want to admit it.

WITWER (CONT'D)
Now what you need is a kickass investigator. Somebody to make the bleeding hearts feel like their civil rights are being respected. And that's what I'm here to do. Get 'em off your back.

To his surprise, Quaid is beginning to like this guy.

WITWER (CONT'D)
Now I just came from Senator Sullivan's office, and he wants you to know he thinks you've been doing a sensational job.

QUAID
(gracious)
Why don't we show you around?

CUT TO:

INT. PRE-CRIME HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Quaid and Lisa give Witwer the grand tour. They pause before a panoramic window which overlooks the shuttle hangar, which is open for a launch.

LISA
Then after we do a DNA match to confirm their identity, we blast 'em up to Demos. That's our bigger moon.

WITWER
What's up there? The joint?

QUAID
Army labor camp.

INT. PRE-CRIME - ANALYTICAL WING - DAY

The tour continues through a long hallway filled with banks of advanced data-receptors and computers. Images play across vidscreens.

QUAID
This is where the raw data from the precogs is analyzed.

LISA
Eric Heinemann figured out how to decipher their mental notation and process it into concrete predictions. He's kind of the Einstein of Precrime.

WITWER
Where's Heinemann now?

QUAID
Phoenix, Arizona. He retired before I came on board.

LISA
Our job's pretty easy compared to New York. People know we'll lock 'em up before they can do anything, so the smart ones don't even try.

He squeezes her shoulder.

WITWER
You make me proud, kiddo.

LISA
(coy)
Thanks, Ed.

Quaid rolls his eyes and walks ahead toward the Temple.

WITWER
(sotto voce, to Lisa)
You make me nuts too.

INT. THE TEMPLE - ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Quaid leads them into an area filled with medical equipment and TECHNICIANS who sit at instrument panels and gaze through a thick plate glass window. Quaid approaches DR. ANDREW PAGE, a thin, balding physician wearing tortoise-shell glasses and a white lab coat.

QUAID
Andy, this is Chief Witwer from New York. Detective Witwer, Dr. Andrew Page.

WITWER
Call me Ed.

They shake hands.

QUAID
(to Witwer)
Dr. Page is in charge of the Temple.

As Quaid enters Witwer's name in a log, Witwer prepares to waltz through security.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Hold on a second, Ed. I have to clear you.

WITWER
Don't bother with that. I've been cleared.

He holds up a bar-coded security pass. Quaid, Page, and Lisa are all disturbed that he has one.

QUAID
Where'd you get that?

WITWER
Senator Sullivan gave it to me.

QUAID
Why do you need access to the Temple? That's not your job.

WITWER
(innocent)
I don't know. I guess he wants me to feel welcome.

Lisa steps ahead of them, breaking the tension.

LISA
Come on, guys. Let's visit the three best detectives in the unit, shall we?

Lisa runs her security pass through the scanner. A set of metal doors slide open.

INT. THE TEMPLE - DAY

Quaid, Lisa, Page, and Witwer enter a round windowless chamber of monumental scale. In the gloomy half-darkness, it resembles a mystical ancient sanctuary. At the center are three large chairs, surrounded by all kinds of psychometry instruments and life support equipment.

As they slowly approach the chairs, the THREE PRECOGS come into view -- frail twisted figures with enlarged, misshapen heads. Lost amidst bundles of clamps and wiring, the mutants continuously babble and twitch and squirm, awash in a feverish trance.

QUAID
There they are. That's Jerry, that's Simon, that's Donna.

Witwer stares at the precogs, repulsed.

WITWER
Christ...They're disgusting.

QUAID
(stern)
Shhh. She can hear you. -- She's semi-conscious.

WITWER
(grimaces)
Sorry...

Quaid runs a finger along Donna's cheek. One eye looks at him.

PAGE
The talent absorbs everything. The e.s.p. lobe shrivels the balance of the frontal area.

LISA
As soon as one of them sees a murder, the others check it out. Once all of them agree, a card pops out over there.

Witwer collects a stack of CARDS from a machine.

WITWER
These are the killers?

Quaid takes them away.

QUAID
I have to check them.

WITWER
How far ahead do they see?

QUAID
(scanning the cards)
One week, two at the most. Sometimes we get a red ball. That means the murder's only about an hour away.

Satisfied, Quaid hands the packet of cards to Lisa.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Pass them out.

Lisa walks off with the cards.

WITWER
I bet ya some of those characters would drop some serious cash to have their cards disappear.

QUAID
This isn't New York, Ed. -- A duplicate set of cards pops out at Army headquarters. So even if you wanted to let somebody off, the Army's always watching.

WITWER
Shit, there goes my bonus.
(beat)
Just fucking with you, Quaid. Lighten up. -- The system seems to be working perfectly.

QUAID
We try.

Witwer gazes casually around the room.

WITWER
So maybe it's time to expand operations.

Quaid sighs with sudden understanding.

QUAID
Ahhh, so that's what this is about.
(annoyed)
I've been through this a dozen times with Senator Sullivan.

WITWER
What's the problem? Why should people get away with crimes if the precogs can stop 'em?

Quaid steps close to Witwer.

QUAID
What kind of crimes are you talking about? Disagreeing with Senator Sullivan? Calling for independence?

WITWER
(insulted)
That's not what I said.

QUAID
Precrime is about preventing murder. That's <u>it</u>. Am I getting through to you?

WITWER
Excuse me for talking to you like a real cop. I forgot you're just a front.

Lisa sudden return makes the insult more stinging.

QUAID
What did you call me?

WITWER
I said you're a fuckin' figurehead! Martians liked you for giving them air, so Sullivan used you to sell 'em on Precrime.

QUAID
That's bullshit.

Their voices echo throughout the Temple.

WITWER
But looking the part's not enough any more. We've got a job to do.

QUAID
That's it. I don't want you in my department.

WITWER
It's not your department.
(beat)
I've got full authority to do whatever the fuck I please with those three monkeys...
(points to precogs)
And if you don't like it -- you can take a walk.

QUAID
Is that right?

WITWER
That's the shot. -- There's no such thing as too much Precrime. Maybe if you'd figured that out eight years ago, your old lady would still be alive.

WHAM! Quaid slugs him right in the face.

Witwer crashes backwards into the window of plate glass and slides to the floor, blood dribbling from his nose.

Lisa is stunned. So are all the techies looking in.

Witwer struggles to his feet, shaking out a handkerchief like it's no big deal. A tense silence. He gingerly dabs his nose, turns to Lisa.

WITWER
Maybe you can talk some sense into this turkey.
(exiting)
I'm having lunch with Senator Sullivan.

QUAID
(shouts after him)
We'll see who stays and who goes.

The technicians try to turn their attention back to their work. Lisa approaches him warily.

LISA
Jesus, Doug...

QUAID
(softly)
We gave Melina all the protection we could. Precrime was still being tested.

LISA
I've never seen you like that. You really lost it.

Quaid snatches a new arrest card from the slot.

QUAID
Witwer's appointment is a joke. How he ever got...

Quaid's gaze is suddenly fixed on the arrest card.

LISA
What's wrong?

QUAID
Nothing...

CLOSE ON ARREST CARD

On the side designating a future murderer, we see a recent photo and the name: DOUGLAS QUAID.

LISA (O.S.)
Are you all right?

BACK TO SCENE

Quaid steadies his tumbling mind and looks up at her.

QUAID
...Fine.

He starts for the door.

LISA
Where are you going?

QUAID
Back to my office.

He rushes from the Temple. Lisa and Page look at each other, bewildered.

CUT TO:

INT. QUAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Quaid stuffs a pistol in his coat pocket and takes a box of ammo from a drawer. He makes a final survey of his office when Lisa appears.

LISA
I knew you were taking off. --
What's wrong with you?

QUAID
I'm getting out while there's
still time.

LISA
Huh?

Quaid hesitates a beat.

QUAID
Your buddy Ed is framing me.

LISA
Framing you? Ed may be playing
hardball, but he's pretty up-front
about it.

QUAID
You're defending him?

LISA
No. He's way out of line. -- I
just don't like to see you so
upset.

Quaid looks at her suspiciously and steps to the door. She blocks him.

LISA (CONT'D)
I don't believe this. You think
I'm on his side.

QUAID
I'm not sure.

Quaid steps around her and leaves.

INT. ANTEROOM / QUAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Quaid whisks by his secretary, Lisa right after him.

QUAID
Alice, I'm taking the afternoon off.

ALICE
You deserve it.

Quaid strides into the waiting elevator. Lisa slips in as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR

Lisa takes hold of Quaid's wrists, drawing him closer.

LISA
Doug, I'm worried about you. You're acting completely paranoid.

QUAID
Think so?

Quaid breaks Lisa's hold and takes the arrest card from his pocket.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Look at this.

The color drains from her face when she sees Quaid's name and photo.

QUAID
In a few hours they'll come and lock me up for the rest of my life. "Ed" won't need me to "take a walk."

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Quaid exits the elevator at a brisk pace. Lisa lags a step or two behind, then catches up.

LISA
I don't understand. -- How could anybody fix a card?

QUAID
That's what I have to find out. But first I have to get off the planet.

LISA
You're really going to run?

QUAID
I can't prove anything from prison.

He sees the look on her face.

QUAID (CONT'D)
You think I'm dreaming this up? Sullivan's been trying to get his hands on Precrime for years.
(wincing)
Even that punch I threw in the Temple fits in. Terrific. Now I've got a "motive."

LISA
(confused)
Doug? Who is it you think you're supposed to kill?

QUAID
Witwer, obviously.

LISA
Ed's name isn't on the card.

Quaid stops and turns.

LISA (CONT'D)
You didn't look on the back, did you?

He snatches the arrest card from her.

LISA (CONT'D)
Ed's not plotting against you, and neither is anybody else.

Quaid examines the back of the card. He sees the name and photo of his victim: LEOPOLD KAPLAN -- dark hair, forties, distinguished.

QUAID
Who the hell is Leopold Kaplan?

LISA
You don't know him?

QUAID
I've never heard of the man in my life.

They're standing in front of Quaid's car, baffled.

LISA
I don't know what to say, sweetheart.
(more)

LISA (Cont'd)
(pained)
There's never been a mistake.

Quaid's gaze hardens.

QUAID
Thanks for your support, baby.

He gets in the car, starts the engine.

LISA
Where are you going?

Quaid streaks off without a word. Lisa watches as his car disappears into the tubelike exit.

CUT TO:

INT. QUAID'S HOME - DAY

A suitcase is pulled from a closet and flung open. Quaid tosses clothes inside. The news plays on the wall TV.

COMMENTATOR
...that Southbloc is on the verge of surrender. They just can't withstand the turbinium bombing much longer...

Quaid heads into the bathroom. On the mirror, he sees a photo of himself and Lisa. Turning away, he scoops up his toiletries.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
And the more desperate they become, the more we can expect to see random acts of terror like what happened today at Pyramid Falls.

Quaid returns from the bathroom and freezes when he feels the muzzle of a pistol against his head. A tall, tight-lipped INTRUDER stands behind him.

INTRUDER
I ought to kill you right now.

QUAID
You're not going to, or you'd be in jail already.

Three more HENCHMEN emerge from hiding and grab hold of him.

INTRUDER
I wouldn't tempt fate.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBE TUNNEL - DUSK

A sedan speeds through light traffic, carrying Quaid and the four henchmen. The opaque tunnel becomes a glass tube as it crosses a chasm.

QUAID
I hope you realize who I am.

INTRUDER
We realize.
(beat)
You sent my brother away.

The reckless DRIVER swoops up the side of the tube to pass a car, then arcs down in front.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHBLOC ARMY BASE - NIGHT

The sedan zips out of a tunnel and arrives at a security checkpoint. Recognizing the car, the guard waves it through.

CUT TO:

INT. THREE-CAR GARAGE - NIGHT

At gunpoint, Quaid is marched up a flight of stairs to the entrance to a house. The Intruder, in front of Quaid, unlocks the door at the top. Quaid grabs him by the hair and flips him over his shoulder into the three henchmen below. As they tumble down the stairs, Quaid flings open the door and dashes inside.

INT. LUXURIOUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Quaid speeds through the kitchen and continues into a plush-carpeted hallway. He opens a wooden door, slips inside.

INT. LIBRARY

Quaid finds himself in a book-lined study. An ARMY OFFICER sitting in partial shadow at his desk hurriedly opens a drawer and grabs a gun.

Quaid dives across the desk, grabs the man's gun hand, and forces the barrel to the man's own temple. On the brink of pulling the trigger, he sees the man's face, now in the light.

It's LEOPOLD KAPLAN.

Quaid freezes, astounded to find himself on the verge of actually killing his predicted victim. Kaplan pushes the gun away from his head.

In that moment, the four henchman charge into the room, guns aimed. They've got the drop on Quaid. -- He relinquishes the gun to Kaplan.

KAPLAN
I'm curious about you, Mr. Quaid. Why would a man of your stature contemplate the cold-blooded murder of a total stranger?

QUAID
You're Kaplan...

KAPLAN
Colonel Kaplan. Northbloc Army Intelligence. -- You can imagine my surprise when I saw my name on that little arrest card.

QUAID
I certainly can.

KAPLAN
Please, won't you have a seat?

Kaplan lights a cigarette, blows a thin stream of smoke into the air. Quaid is led to an upholstered chair.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Frankly, I'm puzzled. If this represents some kind of Precrime strategy against Northbloc -- surely, you wouldn't have allowed the duplicate card to reach us.

QUAID
This has nothing to do with Northbloc. It's a plot against me.

Kaplan arches an eyebrow.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Senator Sullivan wants me gone so he can use Precrime against his enemies.

Kaplan leans against his desk, his expression unreadable.

KAPLAN
How did you become involved in radical politics, Mr. Quaid?

QUAID
I'm not.

KAPLAN
You don't think Mars should be independent?

QUAID
The Senate's a beginning. But that's not the point. -- There isn't going to be any murder.

KAPLAN
Well, I agree with you on that.
(standing)
You'll be in police custody.

The meeting is suddenly over.

QUAID
You're sending me back? Then I can't prove...

KAPLAN
I don't care what you prove or disprove, Mr. Quaid. I want you out of the way -- for my own protection.

QUAID
You don't understand. You're not in any danger.

KAPLAN
The hell I'm not! They may be setting <u>you</u> up as a killer, but they're setting <u>me</u> up as your victim. And as long as you're running around, that could still happen.

Quaid searches for a response.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Take him to Precrime and turn him over to Witwer.

QUAID
Witwer?

Kaplan's henchmen pull Quaid to his feet

KAPLAN
He's already replaced you.

QUAID
(disheartened)
That didn't take long.

KAPLAN
Why should he wait? The system's infallible. Right?

The henchmen pull Quaid toward the door.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Ironic, Quaid, isn't it? You shipped hundreds of people to Demos, all claiming they're innocent...
(beat)
And now you're one of them.

Kaplan puffs his cigarette as Quaid is led away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANORAMA OF MARS - NIGHT

Demos and Phobos, the two malformed moons of Mars, hover eerily in the sky. Below, a transparent tubulur highway snakes along a canyon toward the dazzling metropolis of CHRYSE PLANITIA.

INT. ARMY SEDAN - TUBEWAY - NIGHT

The Driver speeds through the one-lane tube like a maniac, passing cars right and left by swerving up the sides. Quaid sits in the back with an agent on either side. The Intruder rides shotgun, gazing up at the moons.

INTRUDER
You ever been up on Demos, Quaid? At night -- after lights out?

Quaid stares stoicly ahead.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)
You hear things you wouldn't hear in a jungle.

AGENT 1
They'll all remember <u>you</u>, Quaid.

AGENT 2
Yeah, they have fantasies about you.

The Driver bears down on a BREAD TRUCK, HONKING for it to move aside.

INTRUDER
You really think it's a plot, huh?

QUAID
Of course.

The Driver swings up the left wall of the tube to pass the wide truck. It swerves to the side, blocking him. The Intruder drops back into his lane, BLARING HIS HORN. The TEAMSTER shoots him the finger.

INTRUDER
For the first time in history,
Precrime is wrong...

AGENT #1
Or maybe the whole system stinks.
Ever think of that?

The Driver blasts into passing mode again. But this time, even though the truck blocks him, he keeps the pedal floored.

INTRUDER
(in panic)
What the hell're you doin'?!

The passengers brace themselves as the sedan corkscrews all the way around the truck to top of the tubeway.

Just ahead, vertical clearance drops by five feet as the tube enters a tunnel cut through rock.

The upside-down sedan crashes into the stone wall above the mouth of the tunnel._

It drops IN FLAMES onto the top of the bread truck, roof to roof -- and gets scraped off as the truck drives into the tunnel.

The sedan drops to the pavement, landing on its roof.

DISSOLVE TO:

THROUGH A BROKEN WINDOW

Rain is falling up. Fire rages down.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Quaid hangs upside down in the overturned vehicle, strapped in by his seat belt. Water from overhead sprinklers puts out the engine fire. Quaid is dazed, like the four agents who surround him -- all saved by air bags, which are now decompressing with a slow hiss.

A BURLY MIDDLE-AGED MAN with a bulbous nose and pock-marked face reaches inside and unbuckles Quaid's seat belt. Quaid drops to the roof of the sedan and GROANS with pain.

The Burly Man grabs Quaid under the arms and drags him out through the window.

INT. TUBEWAY - NIGHT

Quaid flops onto the wet pavement, doused by the sprinklers and bathed in the headlights of the backed-up traffic. Burly slaps his cheeks.

BURLY
Can you hear what I'm saying?

Quaid nods weakly.

BURLY (CONT'D)
These new airbags are amazing.

The Burly Man hoists Quaid over his shoulder and trudges away from the burning wreckage.

Traffic advisory signs warn the motorists in the tube, "Stay in your vehicle. Police have been alerted."

BURLY (CONT'D)
Sorry about the accident. We had to do it this way. -- I thought Kaplan would keep you at his place longer.

Burly props Quaid against a rock wall and opens a SERVICE HATCH.

QUAID
Who are you?

BURLY
My name's not important. I'm part of a group that wants you on the loose.

Burly helps Quaid through the doorway.

INT. SERVICE CHANNEL - NIGHT

He lowers Quaid to the damp floor of a utility corridor carved from rock. Pipes and cables stretch along the walls. Burly reaches into his pocket and pulls out a hypodermic syringe shaped like a HANDGRIP.

BURLY
This'll help with the pain.

Burly plunges the needle into Quaid's heart and injects the contents. After a moment of shock, Quaid's face relaxes with instant relief.

BURLY (CONT'D)
Now listen, you really have been framed. The card was set to pop the day Witwer appeared.

QUAID
How do you know?

BURLY
We've got people inside.

Before Quaid can react, Burly shoves an inhaler in his mouth and shoots five quick bursts of vapor.

BURLY (CONT'D)
All you have to do is lay low till the time for killing this Kaplan guy passes. If he's still alive, that means you're innocent, and Precrime was wrong.

QUAID
Why are you doing this?

BURLY
We think Precrime's a crock of shit, and you're gonna help us prove it.

Sirens announce the arrival of the police.

BURLY (CONT'D)
Think you can walk?

Quaid sits up, miraculously revived.

QUAID
What is that stuff?

BURLY
Nice, huh? You'll feel like dogfood tomorrow, believe me.

He pulls Quaid to his feet, helps him cross some large pipes, then leads him to a hatch on the opposite side of the tunnel.

BURLY (CONT'D)
A word of advice. Don't try to leave Mars. Don't go near Kaplan. And don't trust anybody. Especially that woman.

QUAID
Lisa?

BURLY
She's behind the whole thing.

Burly opens the hatch, looks both ways, and helps Quaid through.

EXT. TOKYO PLAZA - NIGHT

Quaid steps from a door in the rock wall onto a busy sidewalk in the entertainment district. He's almost blinded by the flamboyant, multi-colored signs and theatre marquees. Burly stealthily places something in his hand -- a small gun.

BURLY
Take this. It's loaded with darts.

Quaid stuffs it in his coat pocket.

BURLY (CONT'D)
And you can hide here.

Burly holds out a key. An address is scribbled on an attached paper disc.

BURLY (CONT'D)
Cross the Patterson Tube to the Industrial Zone. It's the third street after the Walmart.

Quaid looks up and sees the entrance to a pedestrian tubeway.

BURLY (CONT'D)
I'm going the other way.

Quaid nods in acknowledgment.

QUAID
Thanks.

BURLY
We're not doing this for you, Quaid. We're doing it for the guys you sent away.

Burly walks off in the opposite direction and disappears into the crowd. Quaid gathers his wits and heads for the Patterson Tube.

CUT TO:

INT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Firemen have extinguished the fire and are pulling the four agents from the wreckage. Like Quaid, they're not badly injured. Agent #1 gasps hoarsely to a fireman.

AGENT #1
Call Precrime...Quaid...we had him.

CUT TO:

INT. PATTERSON TUBE - NIGHT

Quaid walks through a transparent pedestrian tubeway that crosses a wide chasm. Other tubeways criss-cross the gorge at different angles, like pick-up sticks. Airships and advertising dirigibles coast through the airspace above.

Quaid flows with the busy crowd, passing kiosks, VID-POSTERS, and VENDING MACHINES that sell objects of every description.

Up ahead, he sees a disturbance. FOUR PRECRIME COPS have gathered at the mouth of the tunnel. They carry large semi-automatic rifles.

He looks back. MORE COPS are approaching from behind.

QUAID

picks up a small vending machine for ELVIS-BRAND PROPHYLACTICS and smashes it into the top of the tubeway. It bounces off. Quaid bashes it again, causing the clear plastic to fracture but not break.

The Cops are pressing closer, but they can't get a clear shot through the crowd.

Quaid JAMS OPEN A HOLE big enough to fit through. He sets down the vending machine, climbs on top of it, and pulls himself through the hole.

ATOP THE TUBE

Quaid looks down dizzily at the enormous drop to the bottom of the canyon. -- Cops are getting closer. He dashes along the top of the transparent tube.

INSIDE THE TUBE

Quaid runs over the heads of cops, who fire their rifles continuously, twisting as they follow their target.

ATOP THE TUBE

The long points of these large caliber darts penetrate the clear plastic, poking through like a bed of nails.

Quaid tiptoes around them at high speed.

QUAID'S ESCAPE HOLE

A CHINESE COP chins himself through the crater and fires a stream of darts at Quaid's back.

QUAID

turns and fires his small pistol.

CHINESE COP

A line of five tiny darts stitches across his cheek. He drops unconscious into the tube.

ATOP THE TUBEWAY

Quaid keeps running; savoring a moment of relief, when a Precrime AIRSHIP drops into frame behind him.

INT. AIRSHIP

Witwer points furiously at Quaid.

WITWER
There he is! Nail him!

Pulaski takes aim with a mounted machine gun.

EXT. ATOP THE TUBEWAY

Quaid turns and sees the airship bearing down on him. The airship opens fire. Tracer darts miss him by inches.

An automobile tubeway crosses the chasm ten feet below. Quaid runs to the point of intersection and JUMPS!

Witwer's airship overshoots the tube.

Quaid lands on the auto tubeway -- steadies himself -- and continues running.

EXT. EDGE OF THE CLIFF

Quaid reaches the rock wall and climbs down a metal utility ladder to a small wooded promontory that overlooks the chasm. He runs through the park and disappears among the trees.

INT. AIRSHIP - NIGHT

Witwer speaks into the radio.

WITWER
The suspect just ducked into Cliffside Park. Notify local units. I'm landing.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PARK - NIGHT

Quaid threads his way among the mariachi bands and dating couples. Glancing over his shoulder, he leaves through the festive entry gate -- and enters a dreary industrial zone.

PAN BACK to the ledge -- where the airship lands. Witwer, Pulaski, and SIX COPS pour out.

WITWER
Take him down. I don't want two stiffs in one day.

Pulaski leads six cops through the park in pursuit of Quaid. Witwer turns to the cops from the pedestrian tubeway who are just arriving.

WITWER (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you pussies? Afraid you might hurt your old boss?

He grabs a pistol from one of them.

WITWER (CONT'D)
Hand in your guns. You're fired.

The stunned cops stand there, slack-jawed.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ZONE - NIGHT/DAY

Quaid hurries down a street lined with FACTORIES. Street lamps create perpetual daylight for the night shift. TWO BIKERS watch as Quaid ducks through a small door in a high windowless wall.

Pulaski and five cops round the corner. The Bikers eagerly point out the door Quaid went through.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PARK - NIGHT

Witwer walks over to the park bench, flanked by TWO COPS, one with a HALIBURTON CASE.

WITWER
I'll show you how to run a police department. Set that up on a bench.

Witwer pulls a GLASS VIAL from his coat pocket.

WITWER (CONT'D)
You Martian boys still got a coupl'a things to learn from New York City.

A DOZEN HOUSEFLIES buzz around inside the vial.

FIRST COP
Flies?

Witwer unscrews the lid, and the flies buzz off into the air.

WITWER
I gave 'em a whiff of the seat of Quaid's chair. If he's within two miles of here, those little buggers'll sniff him out.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBECAR FACTORY - NIGHT

Quaid sneaks furtively through a futuristic automobile assembly plant where the automated manufacturing process seems like magic. He passes a station where molten slag is shaped by air into the streamlined body of a tubecar.

Back at the door, Pulaski and his men slip inside, guns drawn.

QUAID

edges into a chamber where fifteen different parts are simultaneously put in place by robotic arms. Nuts magically screw themselves onto bolts by magnetic tortion.

Pulaski's men close in on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PARK - A MOMENT LATER

Witwer leans against the counter at a pizza stand, munching on a slice with one of the Cops.

WITWER
You call this shit pizza? It tastes like tofu! -- I gotta get my buddy Carmine up here. He'd make a fortune.

The second cop sits on a park bench, watching TWELVE SMALL VIDEO MONITORS inside the open Haliburton case.

SECOND COP
(anxious)
Chief, you don't think think we should be chasing him or something?

WITWER
(stuffing his face)
What, you don't get enough exercise? Let technology do the work.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY

Quaid continues to a station where a hundred wires thread themselves through tiny holes in the frame.

Pulaski sees Quaid go inside. He signals his men. They pour into the chamber and fan out.

About to be spotted, Quaid hides inside one of the frames. Wires snake around him like a spider web.

The cops pass within a few feet of Quaid, but don't see him. They leave the chamber.

Quaid rips away the wires that surround him. He climbs out of the auto body and leaves through a different door.

EXT. WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - THAT MOMENT

Quaid ambles down the street, merging with a throng of workers who have finished their shift.

AERIAL SHOT OF NEIGHBORHOOD

The erratic gliding POV drops lower, approaching one worker from behind, gliding by him, going on to another. The POV homes in one man. On his rump.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PARK - A MOMENT LATER

The cop watching the monitors calls out.

SECOND COP
I've got a signal!

Witwer dumps his pizza in the trash and rushes over.

HALIBURTON CASE WITH MONITORS

A little red light blinks underneath one of the monitors. On the screen, see Quaid's face, distorted by an extreme wide angle lens.

WITWER (O.S.)
Bingo. Now we'll just looks around a little bit...

BACK TO SCENE

Witwer operates a tiny toggle switch next to the screen. In response, the POV swings from Quaid's face to the neighborhood around him.

WITWER
Anybody recognize this place?

FIRST COP
Looks like Carlyle Street...I can't tell...somewhere around Fourteenth.

WITWER
Tell Pulaski to meet us there.

Now fully energized, Witwer dashes through the entrance to the industrial zone. The two cops, lugging the Haliburton case, struggle to keep up.

FIRST COP
Pulaski, come in. You read me?

FLYVISION: CARLYLE AND FOURTEENTH - THAT MOMENT

Quaid walks down the street, checking addresses against the one on the key. He stops in front of a multi-storey TENEMENT. On the soundtrack, we hear BUZZING.

Quaid walks up the front steps, pushes the glass door, and goes inside.

The POV speeds after him, but the glass door closes in front of us, blocking our way. Quaid gets small in the frame as he walks away, through the lobby.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF TENEMENT - THAT MOMENT

The fly buzzes angrily against the glass.

FLYVISION: THE LOBBY

We watch as Quaid enters an elevator.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: FLY

This is no ordinary fly. It's a tiny metallic robot.

Two mini-laser beams focus from the fly's eyes and start to burn a hole in the glass.

INT. TENEMENT / CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER

Quaid leaves the elevator and walks to the indicated apartment. He unlocks the door and cautiously enters.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

The living room is bare except for a cot, a table with some magazines, and an antiquated tv set. He flicks on the tv and opens the fridge. In contrast with the empty room, it's packed with a week's supply of food. He grabs a beer.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: FLY ON THE REVOLVING DOOR.

The fly finishes burning a tiny hole in the glass. It zips through the hole into the building.

FLYVISION: TENEMENT

The fly soars through the lobby, over to the elevator doors, through a tiny crack, into the elevator shaft, up to the seventh floor, through the space between the doors. It glides along the filthy carpet, pausing at several doors, finds the one that smells right, and lands.

ON FLY

It crawls dainty-legged under the door into the apartment.

FLYVISION: THE APARTMENT

Quaid sits like a giant at the kitchen table, drinking a beer, munching on potato chips, watching the news on tv.

Witwer is being interviewed. His public demeanor is entirely official and dignified.

WITWER
It came as a terrible shock to all of us. Commissioner Quaid seemed like the ideal public servant.

The POV snakes through the air and lands on the table. It looks up at the giant, who is stuffing his cavernous mouth. He's not pleased to see us. A collosal hand sweeps toward camera, and suddenly we're flying.

OBJECTIVE SHOT

Quaid sits back and continues watching and eating.

WITWER
But I hope this incident will reassure the public that Precrime under my administration is entirely impartial and considers all citizens equal under the law.

The fly lands near Quaid's potato chips. He sees it, sets down his beer, and rolls up a magazine. He holds the magazine...poised...then strikes!

The fly expires IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS!

Startled, Quaid looks down at the remains of the fly. He sees that it's a tiny machine whose eyes flash on and off like a homing beacon.

He leaps to his feet, runs to the door, and peers into the hallway.

PULASKI AND SEVERAL COPS

are stalking the corridor, guns drawn. They see him and break into a run.

QUAID

ducks back inside and locks the door. He dashes into the kitchenette, throws open the window, and starts to climb out onto the fire escape.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Witwer is waiting for him. He casually points his gun between Quaid's eyes.

WITWER
You're goin' away, Dougie boy.

Quaid stares at him with utter hatred.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME / SHUTTLE HANGAR - NIGHT

The engines of the shuttle are warming up.

INT. SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Quaid, bound with wrist and ankle irons, is buckled into a special seat for prisoners by Donnelly, who's full of regret, and Pulaski, who's jubilant. Lisa approaches Witwer, who stands by the hatch.

LISA
Ed, I need to talk with Doug.
Alone.

WITWER
(a beat)
No problem.

Witwer walks over and whispers in Quaid's ear.

WITWER (CONT'D)
If you want a conjugal visit, be my guest. I've got the rest of my life to spend with her.

QUAID
(bitter)
She's all yours, Ed.

Witwer signals the cops to leave with him. Lisa is left alone with Quaid. Her eyes are full of compassion.

LISA
Oh Doug...I'm so sorry.

QUAID
(stone cold)
Very convincing.

LISA
You still think this is some kind of plot? -- What do you want me to do? Go to prison with you?

He stares at her with exaggerated boredom.

LISA
Obviously nothing I can say will make a difference.
(more)

LISA (Cont'd)
(stands, tries again)
If it matters, I still love you.

QUAID
You're almost as good as my first wife.

She resists the temptation to answer -- and walks away.

QUAID
(to himself)
Boy, can I pick 'em.

Lisa exits the shuttle. Donnelly and Pulaski lock the hatch from inside. The engines roar in preparation for takeoff.

Behind Quaid, through the window, FLAMES rise up into view -- as if he were being swallowed by the fires of Hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE POWERFUL BLAST OF A ROCKET

pushes the shuttle through space.

It flies by some huge freighters moored in the space harbor near the tiny moon of PHOBOS. Only fifteen miles long, Phobos is shaped like a long potato. A LIGHTHOUSE/ OBSERVATORY is built on one end.

Behind Phobos, Mars comes into view -- swirls of red and blue intermingled. Then the shuttle banks, and we get our first view of DEMOS, the larger of Mars' two moons.

It's a barren gray wasteland, about forty miles across, featureless except for the prison and the turbinium transport complex.

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE

Quaid stares forlornly out the window at the lifeless, airless desert where he will spend the rest of his existence. A finger taps him on the shoulder.

Quaid turns and finds Pulaski bent over in front of him with a sadistic grin on his face.

PULASKI
Commissioner? Ready for your disciplinary action?

Quaid head-butts Pulaski in the nose. Agh!

PULASKI (CONT'D)
(holding his nose)
That wasn't very smart.

Pulaski hauls back to pound Quaid. Donnelly grabs his arm.

DONNELLY
Put on your seat belt. We don't want anybody to get hurt.

Pulaski backs down. Quaid nods to Donnelly with gratitude.

DEMOS

The Shuttle lowers itself into the hangar at the edge of the TRANSPARENT DOME which shelters the complex.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Quaid stands near the hatch with Pulaski on one side and Donnelly on the other. The door opens from outside. TWO LARGE PRISON GUARDS in Northbloc Army uniform (IVAN and BORIS) are waiting to take custody of Quaid.

Boris signs a clipboard held by Pulaski. Donnelly, emotional, shakes hands with Quaid.

DONNELLY
I wish there was something....

QUAID
I know.

Donnelly nods. Ivan and Boris grab Quaid's arms and pull him out as if he were as light as a scarf.

INT. GRAVITY TRANSITION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The guards walk oddly, wearing SPECIAL BOOTS. Quaid tries to walk, but with every step he launches himself off the ground. Ivan and Boris keep him from bouncing into the ceiling.

A sign over the corridor reads, "ENTERING GRAVITY ZONE."

As they proceed through a series of concentric metal rings, Quaid's body gradually regains its weight.

Now walking normally, they pass through a security cubicle with doors fore and aft.

INT. PRISON / REGISTRATION - NIGHT

Quaid is escorted through a large room with several desks. Everyone on staff wears Northbloc Army uniforms. A SECRETARY signals them to go right in.

SECRETARY
The Warden's expecting you.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Quaid is ushered into a modern office with a large picture window that overlooks the LOADING DOCK for a GIGANTIC SPACE FREIGHTER. The WARDEN stands in army uniform with his back to us.

He picks up a rock from the window ledge, and we see that he has TWO ARTIFICIAL ARMS which whir as they move. He turns around.

It's RICHTER -- Quaid's nemesis from TOTAL RECALL.

RICHTER
Welcome to the party, Quaid.

QUAID
(dumbfounded)
Richter...

Richter steps closer, relishing the moment.

RICHTER
It's been a long time. But these foolish things...
(extends his artifical arms)
remind me of you.

Quaid looks sick as Richter crushes the rock to powder in his artificial hand.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON / CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Richter leads the way through the prison, two steps ahead of Ivan, Boris, and Quaid.

RICHTER
You're working for Northbloc now, shipping turbinium back home for bombs. You'll be well fed, well clothed, and pumped full of the latest drugs to keep your mood up and your dick down. -- You'll be happier that way.

They round a corner.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
What <u>will</u> get you in trouble is complaining. I hate complainers. Especially liars who keep saying they're innocent. That really gets on my nerves.

An iron gate is unlocked and pulled aside.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
I'll show you to your room.

INT. PRISON / STACKS

Cells are lined up on either side of the corridor. As Quaid walks the gauntlet, vengeful PRISONERS shout at him from behind bars.

INMATES
Look who's coming! / It's the Commissioner! / Who didn't you kill, Quaid? / Here to eat some of your own shit, eh Commissioner?

HARRY, with a LIGHTNING BOLT tattooed on his face, glowers at Quaid with cold malice.

HARRY
I'm gonna kill you, Quaid. Kill you for real.

RICHTER
This is justice, Quaid. An eye for an eye, an arm for an arm.

HARRY
You're mine, fucker. I ain't got nothing more to lose.

Boris unlocks a cell.

RICHTER
Don't worry. You'll be safe in here with Higgins.

Quaid enters his new home. The door slams shut behind him.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Just don't fall asleep.

Richter chuckles as he walks away.

INT. QUAID'S CELL - THAT MOMENT

REUBEN HIGGINS, an almost professorial African-Martian, 47, lies on his bunk reading a book. He glances over at Quaid, then continues reading without a word.

Quaid walks to the small window and looks forlornly out at Mars and the little moon, Phobos, floating just over the horizon.

The cell starts to shake violently.

Quaid grips the bars for support, expecting the prison to come down on top of him.

QUAID
What's going on???

HIGGINS
(reading)
You'll get used it. Shakes the whole goddamn moon.

The awesome space freighter lifts into view through the window, like an aircraft carrier in flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEMOS - TURBINIUM LANDING FIELD - DAY

BOULDER-SIZED METEORS speed across the sky and strike the lunar surface with terrible force. Columns of dust rise from the craters.

The ravaged, blasted plain is strewn with giant rocks which have fallen from the sky.

ORE SHOVELS AND ORE TRUCKS

are lined up on the edge of the landing site, motors idling.

INT. CABIN OF AN ORE TRUCK - DAY

Higgins and Quaid wait in the airtight pressurized cabin for the "meteor shower" to end.

HIGGINS
They shoot these chunks from rail guns down at the mines on Mars. We load 'em on freighters 'cause the gravity's less up here.

QUAID
How much less?

HIGGINS
You weigh about five pounds.

A Guard in a watchtower shoots a FLARE. All at once, trucks and ore shovels grind forward, spewing acrid fumes.

Higgins cautiously checks the sky for any late loads plummeting down...then drives onto the landing field.

EXT. LANDING FIELD

Ore shovels caterpillar into position next to boulders many times their size. They lift the stones in their scoops and deposit them in the back of the trucks.

INT. CABIN / QUAID'S ORE TRUCK

An ore shovel dumps a load of turbinium into their empty bin.

HIGGINS
With all the turbinium we shipped out, you'd think Southbloc would be ashes by now.

QUAID
I hear they're about to surrender.

HIGGINS
Well whaddaya know. Maybe we'll get a day off.

The falling stones rock the truck, even at their diminished weight.

INT. SHOWERS - NIGHT

Quaid rinses the soap from his body and heads for the dressing area. Through the steam, he can make out other vague figures. His gaze shifts from one to the other. Every encounter -- anywhere -- could be a deadly confrontation.

Quaid approaches a stack of towels. The JANITOR hands him one. Quaid takes it, but the Janitor -- a sweet-faced young man, about Quaid's build -- won't let go.

JANITOR
Come with me.

QUAID
Forget it.

Quaid yanks away the towel and walks on. The Janitor hustles after him.

JANITOR
Somebody wants to see you.

QUAID
Yeah, who?

JANITOR
Eric Heinemann.

Quaid stops in place. The Janitor nods him to follow. Quaid hesitates, then trails the young man.

The Janitor enters a broom closet and leaves the door ajar. Quaid glances around, then enters.

INT. BROOM CLOSET

Quaid closes the door behind him. The Janitor is leaning over a shelf, his back to Quaid.

QUAID
(whispers)
What's Heinemann doing here? I thought he was on Earth.

JANITOR
You thought wrong.

Curious, Quaid steps to the side to see what the Janitor is working on.

THE JANITOR

stoicly operates on himself using a shard of broken glass. He makes a deep incision all around THE TATTOOED BAR CODE ON HIS FOREARM. A rectangle of blood oozes to the surface.

JANITOR
(sweating)
See that tube. Spread some on your code.

Quaid picks up a small tube of SURGICAL GLUE.

With teeth clenched, the Janitor starts to peel away the flap of skin with his own bar code tattoo.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY GATE TO SOLITARY LOCKDOWN - NIGHT

Dressed in the Janitor's uniform, Quaid pushes a cart laden with all the implements of the shit detail. He pauses at a security gate. A BORED GUARD watching TV-GLASSES passes a scanner across Quaid's forearm.

It doesn't take.

The bored guard lifts his TV-glasses and passes the scanner again.

The steel grate opens with a silent swoosh. Quaid pushes his cart through. The grate closes behind him.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - THAT MOMENT

On the other side, another guard, call him ISHMAEL, looks up from his fishing magazine and routinely unlocks the solid metal door of the first cell. Quaid pushes his cart inside. Ishmael leaves the door open -- and waits outside, reading.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - THAT MOMENT

Quaid peers into the shadows of the lower cot, hoping for a glimpse of Heinemann. A BRUTAL VOICE rasps from the darkness.

BRUTAL
What the hell are you lookin' at?

A wiry BOXER springs from the cot, takes a soapy sponge from a bucket on Quaid's cart, and washes himself. Quaid proceeds to the toilet -- and starts to scrub.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - SOMEWHAT LATER

Ishmael opens the seventh of eight cells. Quaid, spattered with grime, pushes his cart inside. Ishmael stands outside, leaning against a wall, reading his magazine.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - THAT MOMENT

Quaid instantly recognizes the old man sitting on the side of his cot. Heinemann has withered considerably from the magisterial figure in the official portrait, but his manner is as haughty as ever. He signals with his heavy brows for Quaid to say nothing.

Heinemann washes his hairy old body with the sponge. Quaid goes about his chores.

When Ishmael shuffles out of sight, Heinemann turns so his back faces the door. He whispers without looking directly at Quaid.

HEINEMANN
You know who I am?

QUAID
(nods)
You invented Precrime.

HEINEMANN
They locked me up to silence me.
I discovered a flaw in my system.

He glances over his shoulder.

HEINEMANN (CONT'D)
The verdicts aren't always unanimous. Sometimes the precogs disagree. -- We get a minority report.

QUAID
(hopeful)
Does that mean the verdicts are wrong?

HEINEMANN
Some of them must be -- but I don't have proof. They didn't let me finish my tests.

Ishamel passes by the doorway. Quaid abruptly looks away and scrubs. The old man washes his crotch. On Quaid's nod, he continues.

HEINEMANN (CONT'D)
Sullivan told me to bury my findings. When I said I couldn't do that, I ended up here. That was seven years ago.

QUAID
Nobody told me.

Heinemann leans close.

HEINEMANN
Quaid, people have to know.
(even quieter)
You've got to get out.

Ishmael stands in the doorway, observing the two men in close proximity.

ISHMAEL
What's going on in here, a tea party? Finish up!

Ishmael watches hawkeyed as Heinemann drops the sponge into the bucket, and Quaid wheels his cart out of the cell.

The solid door clangs shut. We're left inside with Heinemann. He seems pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTHBLOC RECREATIONAL YARD - NIGHT

Quaid pushes his cart by an open area marked, "SOUTHBLOC PRISONERS-OF-WAR." A DOZEN SOUTHBLOC PRISONERS in a different color uniform amuse themselves at cards, weightlifting, etc.

One of the Southbloc prisoners makes his move at a chess board, then leans back to relax. We recognize him as Austen, the mutant bomber from Pyramid Falls.

Quaid and Austen see each other. Austen smiles menacingly.

CUT TO:

INT. QUAID'S CELL - NIGHT

Quaid lies on the bottom bunk, awake in the darkness. The moonscape through the small window is the only source of light.

QUAID
Higgins?

HIGGINS
(sleepy)
Yeah...

QUAID
Why do you think you're innocent?

HIGGINS
Since when do you give a shit?

QUAID
I want to know. Tell me.

Higgins hesitates.

HIGGINS
You said I was gonna kill my partner, right? But what's my motive? I already knew the bastard was screwing my wife.

QUAID
I guess you loved her.

HIGGINS
If I loved the bitch, maybe I would've killed him. But I was gettin' ready to walk, man -- not kill nobody. That's not me.

Quaid stares up at the bed springs.

QUAID
I understand...

CUT TO:

INT. ASCENT RAMP / LOADING ZONE - DAY

Quaid backs his ore truck up the incline toward the LOADING ELEVATOR. The colossal SPACE FREIGHTER looms overhead -- thirty storeys high. Higgins sits in the passenger seat.

HIGGINS
A little more. Keep going. That's right. Now let it out.

A HIGH FENCE separates the loading area from the FREIGHTER DOCK, where Harry and five inmates loiter, waiting for Quaid.

Harry glances over at Ivan and Boris, who stand to the side with the regular guards for the site. Ivan signals for Harry to be patient.

INT. RICHTER'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Richter watches the scene through his window.

INT. LOADING ZONE

Quaid and Higgins hop out of their truck in STRANGE BOOTS.

HIGGINS
Watch your step. We're still in low gravity.

Quaid walks awkwardly in the boots and works with Higgins to disconnect the rig carrying the turbinium. Harry and the inmates stare at him with eerie intensity.

EXT. RICHTER'S OFFICE

Richter nods to Boris, down in the yard.

EXT. FREIGHTER DOCK / LOADING ZONE

Boris throws a switch and unlocks the electric gate.

Harry and the other five inmates charge into the loading zone.

HIGGINS
Quaid! Watch out!

Harry shoves Quaid. In the low gravity, he sails backwards into steel scaffolding. Dick punches Quaid. Quaid strikes back, sending Dick flying into a truck.

Quaid picks up a shovel with one hand and grabs hold of the scaffolding with the other, stabilizing himself. He connects with the spade and sends two inmates flying.

Dick ducks a swing and grabs Quaid's arm. Harry bashes Quaid's hand with a wrench, breaking his grip. Tom grabs Quaid by the hair and tosses him like a ragdoll into a cargo bin which some other inmates have overturned.

Higgins rushes to a guard.

HIGGINS
Do something!

GUARD
I'm on my break.

INT. CARGO BIN

Tom, Dick, and Harry expertly use the confined space to control their low-grav movements. Leaning against a wall, Tom punches Quaid, launching him across the bin. Dick catches Quaid and slams him into a corner.

Quaid lands a punch at Dick, but spins himself off balance.

Harry grabs Quaid and uses his momentum to bash him against a wall. He retains his grip and pulls Quaid's body toward him, repeatedly kneeing him in the face.

TOM
Do him! Do him! Do that fuckhead cop!

EXT. ORE TRUCK

Higgins jumps into the truck and starts it up.

INT. CARGO BIN

Four inmates hold Quaid's arms and legs as Harry pulls a SCREWDRIVER from his pants and raises it like a dagger.

A TRUCK HORN BLARES! The inmates look around and see Higgins barreling straight at them in the ore truck. They drop Quaid and scatter.

Quaid is the last one out before the truck crashes into the bin.

EXT. LOADING AREA

Quaid scans for a place to run. The Inmates converge on him like wolves.

Quaid spots a CONTROL BOX marked, "EMERGENCY GRAVITY." He takes several bounding steps toward it and grabs the long lever.

The Inmates and Guards all freeze in terror..

IVAN
No! Don't!

Quaid shoves the control lever from "OFF" to "ON" -- and takes cover.

Everything in the loading area <u>suddenly multiplies in mass by a factor of FIFTY</u>.

The horrific metallic CREAKING of steel girders overhead. The freight elevator collapses under the weight of two hundred truckloads of turbinium ore. Thousands of tons of rock crash to the surface in a flood, burying Quaid's attackers.

ON THE RAMP

Lumbering boulders pour down the ascent ramp, splattering Ivan and several other guards as they attempt to flee. Boris dives to safety under a truck, watching the avalanche roll by.

RICHTER

watches, infuriated.

QUAID

ventures out from cover as the last of the ore thunders downhill. The whole area is submerged in a thick cloud of dust.

Higgins appears next to him.

HIGGINS
Move your ass!

Higgins heads under the giant freighter, away from the loading ramp. Quaid runs alongside.

LOADING RAMP

As the last rocks rumble by, Boris comes out from under a truck and radios to Richter.

BORIS
Get medics down here fast. We've got six guards down.

ON RICHTER

RICHTER
Find Quaid! Don't let him get away!

EXT. WATERWORKS - DAY

Higgins leads Quaid along the inner edge of the dome through an area we haven't seen before.

QUAID
Why are you helping me?

HIGGINS
Heinemann wants you out.

EXT. LOADING ZONE

Boris rallies other guards who are pulling themselves from the rubble.

BORIS
This way! After Quaid!

Boris leads them in pursuit.

EXT. WATER WORKS - DAY

Higgins leads Quaid into an area where several large ROUND WATER TANKS about fifteen feet deep are submerged into the ground like swimming pools. One of them is partially drained, with about six feet of polluted, stagnant water at the center. A WELDER stands calf-deep by the wall of the tank, mending cracks. He wears MINER'S HAT with a LAMP.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)
Wait here.

Higgins climbs down a metal ladder into the tank.

Quaid looks back the way they came for a sign of his pursuers. In the distance, a group of small figures emerges from the dense cloud of dust.

Quaid looks down in the tank. Higgins and the Welder are arguing furiously.

The guards are getting closer.

Higgins signals Quaid to descend.

INT. WATER TANK

He climbs down a metal ladder. The Welder glowers at him murderously.

HIGGINS
He's not too happy about you being the one to escape.

WELDER
You'll never make it.

QUAID
Just show me where to go.

The Welder reluctantly wades into the middle of the tank. Higgins and Quaid follow.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)
He laid a pipe into the main sewer. Nobody's made it yet, but you're dead if you stay.

EXT. WATERWORKS

Boris and the Guards fan out through the area.

INT. WATER TANK

The water is up to their necks. The Welder positions Quaid over the exact spot.

WELDER
You feel it? Move your foot around.

Quaid finds what he's groping for.

HIGGINS
(to Quaid)
Start breathing.
(to Welder)
Give him the lamp.

As Quaid hyperventilates, the Welder reluctantly straps the miner's lamp on Quaid's head. Higgins sees Boris standing at the rim of the next tank.

HIGGINS
Go. NOW.

QUAID
Thanks.

Quaid takes one last breath and drops down into the filthy pool.

WATER TANK - UNDERWATER

Quaid swims to the bottom and feels around for the opening to the drain. His light can penetrate the murky water only a foot beyond his reach.

Quaid finds the jagged rusted opening and pulls himself into a narrow corrugated pipe.

INT. PIPE

Quaid scuttles through the tube, barely able to squeeze by the dented parts. Precious seconds pass, and he hasn't even reached the sewer. But there it is, intersecting at a right angle, with IRRIDESCENT CENTIPEDES lurking at the entrance.

INT. SEWAGE PIPE

Quaid contorts himself around the concrete corner, ragged as coral. He gets stuck. He flails with his feet, but it's so slimy he can't get a grip. He digs his fingers into the sludge. He twists right and left. Finally he spirals through.

Quaid advances quickly, swimming-creeping through the sludge until he crashes into A LARGE OBSTRUCTION which plugs the entire passage.

He pushes on the soft clog. It won't move. He pushes harder.

A HAND GRABS HIS FACE!

Quaid wrestles the hand away and sees that he's struggling with the flopping arm of a DECOMPOSED CORPSE.

Running out of air, Quaid rams the corpse ahead of him through the sewer. Bones poke through rotting flesh. Limbs break off. Quaid is cheek by jowl with an almost skeletal face.

Lungs bursting, he crunches the corpse through the opening of the sewer pipe into...

A POND.

He swims for the top, toward some brown filtered light. Upward, upward, upward...SPLASH!

He bursts to the surface, gasping for air.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHUTTLE HANGAR - A MOMENT LATER

Four Guards hustle out of the hangar, carrying stretchers to pick up casualties. After they pass, Quaid emerges from hiding and peeks inside.

INT. SHUTTLE HANGAR

Four critically wounded guards already lie on stretchers on the floor, ready to be loaded onto the shuttle. One Medic tends to all them all. He leaves his patients to get something inside the shuttle.

Quaid dashes over to the casualties. He dips his hands in the pooling blood of an unconscious guard and smears it on his own face and shirt.

He pulls a blood-soaked jacket from another wounded guard and puts it on.

He crosses the room to take a stretcher from the wall when the Medic returns from the shuttle. He would see Quaid, except that he is distracted by Guards arriving with two more victims.

MEDIC
Bring them on board.

Quaid hides as the Guards and the Medic march onto the shuttle. Then he sets his stretcher on the floor next to the other casualties and lies down on it. He grabs a small oxygen tank and covers his nose and mouth with the mask just as the Medic emerges from the shuttle with the guards.

MEDIC (CONT'D)
Help me get the others.

Two Guards lift Quaid on his stretcher and carry him on board.

CUT TO:

INT. PRE-CRIME / QUAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Witwer sits with his feet on Quaid's desk, watching a football game. Lisa opens the door a crack.

LISA
You wanted to see me?

WITWER
Come in. Sit down. You want a beer?

LISA
(tense)
No thanks.

She sits on the sofa, rather glum. He turns off the tv and assumes a businesslike air.

WITWER
As you know, I'm reviewing all the staff.
(more)

WITWER (Cont'd)
You've done such a good job so far, I don't see any reason you shouldn't stay on.
(arches an eyebrow)
Unless you think it would look better for me to fire you?

LISA
Very funny.
(beat)
I believe in Precrime. I want to keep working.

WITWER
(smiles)
Such dedication.

He ambles over to Lisa and sits on the arm of the sofa. Behind them, the shuttle lands in its hangar.

WITWER (CONT'D)
So, what about dinner tonight?

LISA
Not tonight, Ed.

WITWER
You know I came up here for you. That's the real reason I took this job.
(bedroom eyes)
Don't you want to celebrate?

LISA
It's not a happy occasion.

Lisa stands and walks to the door. Witwer watches her ass appreciatively.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME / SHUTTLE HANGAR - THAT MOMENT

There's a swarm of activity as PARAMEDICS carry stretchers from the shuttle to waiting ambulances. The TOP PARAMEDIC looks around, then addresses one of the guards from the camp.

PARAMEDIC
I thought you said there were seven.

EXT. PLATEAU ABOVE PRECRIME - DAY

Quaid hustles down a service road on the barren plain above Precrime's canyon. He's a sight in his bloody rags. He approaches a plain UTILITY HUT with a sign on the door that says AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

Quaid quietly opens the door and peeks inside.

The MAINTENANCE MAN sits at an OPERATIONS CONSOLE and watches the soaps on tv.

INT. UTILITY HUT - THAT MOMENT

Quaid steps inside. The Maintenance Man turns around.

QUAID
Sorry, Henry.

Quaid taps him on the jaw -- just enough to knock him out.

He surveys the Operations Console and finds the controls he's looking for. He slides a set of twelve rheostats to maximum intensity, then turns a dial all the way to the right.

He plucks a pair of DARK GOGGLES from the Maintenance Man's shirt pocket -- and leaves.

EXT. ACROSS THE CANYON - THAT MOMENT

The twelve huge banks of SUN-REFLECTING MIRRORS across from Precrime's glass tower start to glow brighter and rotate on their tracks.

EXT. PRECRIME / LOBBY - THAT MOMENT

Light pours through the glass walls -- and grows ever more intense. Within a few seconds, all of Precrime is awash in dazzling light.

VOICES
Hey, what's going on? / Somebody call maintenance. / It's the reflectors.

Precrime dissolves into a sea of whiteness. Only the vague outlines of objects can be seen. People cover their eyes, grope for telephones, bump into each other.

A ghostly figure strides with sureness through the helpless crowd -- almost invisible. We can barely make out the goggles on Quaid's familiar silhouette.

INT. OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE - THAT MOMENT

Immersed in a storm of light, technicians lean over their consoles with their heads buried in their arms. Page is on the phone, frantically punching buttons.

PAGE
It's still busy, goddamit!

TECHNICIANS
Relax, it's been reported! / Keep trying! / Maybe we're being attacked!

A luminous shape appears next to Page and whispers in his ear.

QUAID
Don't say anything. This is Quaid.
(takes his arm)
Come with me to the Temple.

Quaid guides Page toward the security barrier, which is now unmanned. Using Page's ID, they both slip inside.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

The shrinelike darkness of the inner sanctum is an oasis from the blistering light. The precogs babble from their chairs, oblivious to present events. Quaid tosses aside his goggles and escorts Page, still dazzled, to a control panel.

PAGE
Are you crazy coming back here? Witwer's already cleared out half your people.

QUAID
This won't take long. I need to review my case -- all three precogs.

PAGE
(panicky)
I'll show you <u>one</u>. They're identical.

QUAID
No, not always.

PAGE
I promise you, they're...

Quaid grabs Page by the shoulders.

QUAID
I saw Heinemann in prison.

Page squints his eyes open, incredulous.

PAGE
Heinemann? In prison?

QUAID
That's right. Sometimes the precogs disagree.

Quaid seats Page in a chair.

QUAID (CONT'D)
I have to see if there's a minority report in my case. It's my only chance.

Page starts to work, typing on the keyboard.

PAGE
I don't understand. How come nobody told us about it?

QUAID
Sullivan wanted everyone to think the system was infallible.

The SUMMARY of Quaid's case appears on screen, featuring technical information about each precog's "testimony."

PAGE
You're in luck. Donna's graph is different.

QUAID
Play it through the headset.

Quaid settles into a large chair, not unlike the ones the precogs sit in. He lowers a CYBER-HELMET over his eyes nad head. Page goes to a wall-sized filing cabinet, selects a MEMORY CHIP, and inserts it into the playback deck.

PAGE
All these years, I just accepted the verdicts as gospel.

QUAID
We all did.

Watching a small video screen, Page scans through the DONNA CHIP, skipping through several murders committed by other people until he arrives at the Quaid material.

PAGE
(into microphone)
It's cued up. This is Donna. -- Good luck.

QUAID
Stay here. I want you to see this, too.

Quaid presses the PLAY button on the arm of the chair.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECOG POV - THE TEMPLE - DAY

Scenes from our story are replayed from the odd perspective of a precog looking into the future. The action is viewed in one continuous floating shot, sometimes too close, sometimes too wide, filled with strange transitions which make the flow of time elastic. Donna's trancelike BABBLING drones like a mantra in the background, obscuring dialogue and sounds.

Quaid and Witwer argue. Quaid slugs Witwer in the face. Quaid reads his arrest card. We push in close on his face...

QUAID (V.O.)
(excited)
You see that, Page? I'm seeing the card. It shows me seeing the card.

INT. TEMPLE

Page freezes the time-coding that whizzes by on his screen. He checks it against the time-coding of the other precogs.

PAGE
Donna's future covers a later time vector than the others. Your reaction was factored in.

INT. PRECOG POV - KAPLAN'S HOUSE / NIGHT

Quaid runs down the carpeted hall, gun in hand. Time thickens into slow motion as he slams through a door, finds Kaplan at his desk. Grabs him. Holds the gun to his head, ready to fire. We're push in close on Quaid's face as he recognizes Kaplan...and freezes...and lowers the gun.

Donna's babble briefly coalesces into a clear feminine voice.

DONNA (O.S.)
...Because he saw the card, he changed his mind.
(degrades to babble)
Because sa car ged mi...

LISA (O.S.)
You damn fool!

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

The cyber-helmet is yanked from Quaid's head. Lisa is shouting in his face.

LISA (CONT'D)
They're searching the building now. The maintenance man IDed you.

QUAID
(looks around)
Where's Page?

LISA
I sent him outside, to stall Witwer. He'll be here any second.

Quaid leaps from the chair and rushes to the playback deck.

QUAID
That's your job, isn't it? Sweet-talking Witwer?

He takes the Donna memory chip and slips it into a PLASTIC CASE.

LISA
I'm leaving to supervise some teams. There's an airship warming up on the roof.

Lisa goes to the door of the Temple and peeks out. Page signals her that the coast is clear. She turns to Quaid.

LISA (CONT'D)
Are you coming or not?

Surprised by her offer, Quaid follows Lisa out of the Temple.

INT. OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE - DAY

Page nervously escorts Quaid and Lisa into the service corridor. The technicians are surprised to get a glimpse of their old boss.

EXT. PRECRIME ROOFTOP - DAY

Lisa and Quaid rush out of the stairwell and run toward the waiting airship.

LISA
Why did you come here?

QUAID
I've got proof that I'm innocent.

Quaid sidesteps a mechanic and jumps into the driver's seat. Lisa rides shotgun.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Because I saw the card, I stopped myself from killing Kaplan.
(sarcastic)
It's called free will.

INT. TEMPLE ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

Witwer strides toward the Temple with eight armed cops. Four technicians are gathered outside.

WITWER
Where is he?!
(no answer)
Who wants to keep their job?

INT. AIRSHIP - ROOFTOP -- THAT MOMENT

Quaid pilots the airship off the roof just as Witwer and his cops pour from the stairwell. Lisa ducks out of sight.

EXT. PRECRIME ROOFTOP - THAT MOMENT

Cops fire at the airship as it drops out of sight down into the canyon. Running to the edge, they shoot at the retreating vessel, now a safe distance away.

WITWER
Get me three airships! Now!

INT. AIRSHIP - THAT MOMENT

Quaid pilots the airship through a maze of canyons. The cabin is eight feet by ten feet, and tall enough to stand up in. Equipment lockers line the walls.

LISA
Now let me get this straight. Because Donna's version of the future is later, it supercedes the others.

QUAID
Correct.

LISA
You never kill Kaplan.

QUAID
Not according to Donna.

Lisa's mind reels, adjusting to the new reality.

LISA
So what do you do now?

QUAID
(taps his pocket)
Deliver this report to Senator Rice.

LISA
(outraged)
Not Rice! She'll use this to abolish Precrime.

QUAID
Maybe that's not such a bad thing.

She recoils, almost wounded.

LISA
How can you say that?

QUAID
You haven't gone through what I have.

Lisa collects herself.

LISA
Doug, you've got to turn yourself in. Let's handle this internally.

QUAID
So your buddy Ed can destroy the evidence? No thanks. -- He wants to get rid of me any way he can.

LISA
Doug, he's just doing his job. -- In some future that didn't happen, you really did kill Kaplan. Ed didn't invent that. The precogs saw it. -- At least two of them did.

Quaid ignores her and keeps piloting the aircraft. Lisa crouches next to him.

LISA (CONT'D)
Give us a chance to investigate this "minority report." If it's what you say, you'll be exonerated.

Quaid considers her proposal.

QUAID
Sorry, it's not just me any more. A lot of people on Demos are in the same boat.

Lisa reaches into her satchel and pulls out a small gun.

LISA
I'm sorry, too. But I'm not going to let you wipe out a system we've both spent years building up.
(beat)
Turn the ship around. We're going back to Precrime.

Reluctantly, he pulls on the wheel and turns. The airship climbs out of the canyon and banks sharply.

LISA (CONT'D)
You're so caught up in your own problems you can't see something bigger's at stake.

QUAID
Save your sermon. All you care about is your goddamn career.

A few loose articles rattle from the glove compartment as the little craft turns on a radical slant. Strapped in her chair, Lisa keeps her gun carefully trained on Quaid.

A large shape drops from an equipment locker and tumbles across the cabin.

It's the Burly Man who pulled Quaid from the burning sedan. He scrambles to his feet and lurches toward Lisa. She swings her gun toward him. He swipes her arm away, sending the gun clattering to the floor.

Lisa unsnaps her seat belt and lunges for the gun. Grunting, Burly shoves her aside and retrieves the pistol. He trains it on her, panting, one arm hooked around a post for balance.

BURLY
I thought she might talk more. That's why I waited.

QUAID
How did you get here?

BURLY
I told you. We have people in Precrime. -- Now turn back to town, hurry. We've lost most of our lead.

Quaid hesitates, then does as instructed. The plane tilts sharply again. Burly pockets Lisa's small pistol and pulls out his own heavy duty military weapon.

BURLY (CONT'D)
I can't believe you trusted this bitch. I told you she's behind the whole thing.

LISA
He's lying! There isn't any...!

Burly swings his gun and bashes her in the forehead, knocking her out. Quaid almost flies out of his seat.

QUAID
Stop it!

BURLY
(in his face)
She wants you dead! You hear me?
Dead.

Burly holds Quaid's hostile stare until the message sinks in. Quaid sits back. Burly glances at Lisa, who is rolling, unconscious, down the inclined floor of the cabin.

BURLY (CONT'D)
Let me see the report.

With some apprehension, Quaid reaches into his pocket and hands Burly the case. He opens it and gazes solemnly at the memory chip inside.

BURLY (CONT'D)
This is the proof we've been waiting for. I'll help you get it to Rice.

Burly closes the case and hands it back to Quaid.

QUAID
You know where she is?

BURLY
At her country house on the canals.

With the airship still banking sharply, Lisa has rolled within inches of the lower wall of the craft.

BURLY (CONT'D)
You should never have talked to her. Now they can bury the evidence.

Burly maneuvers himself over to the hatch and unlocks it.

BURLY (CONT'D)
I doubt this'll register on the precogs.

Burly slides the hatch open so that Lisa will tumble right out. The ship is suddenly filled with the ROAR of rushing air. One of Lisa's legs flops out of the ship.

Quaid slaps on the autopilot and springs to Lisa's rescue. Burly steps in his path.

BURLY (CONT'D)
It's an accident, Quaid. A lucky accident.

Lisa comes to and finds herself sliding out of the plane!

Quaid decks Burly with a sledgehammer blow and shoves him out of the way.

At the last instant, he grabs Lisa's foot and pulls her back inside.

They both sprawl on the floor, terrified and out of breath. Burly lies near the still open hatch, groaning woozily. Lisa rubs the painful cut on her forehead.

LISA
Who is that creep?

QUAID
That's what I want to know.

Quaid reaches into Burly's back pocket and pulls out his sweat-sodden wallet. Lisa, meanwhile, reaches for Burly's large gun. Quaid snatches it away, still suspicious.

Quaid flips through Burly's many ID cards, which name him as ROGER FLEMING. He focuses on one -- from Northbloc Army Intelligence. Quaid seems confused.

LISA
What is it?

QUAID
He works for Kaplan.

LISA
So?

QUAID
(puzzled)
He rescued me from Kaplan's men.

They look over at Fleming just in time to see his unconscious body roll out of the airship!

Appalled, Quaid and Lisa spring to their feet and look down. A tiny figure falls lower and lower.

QUAID
My God...

A PARA-SAIL blossoms from Fleming's back. Quaid and Lisa look at each other with mixed feelings.

LISA
-- Now do you trust me?

Above them, THREE PRECRIME AIRSHIPS roar into view.

QUAID
I don't trust anybody.

Quaid takes Lisa by the arm, handcuffs one wrist with her own set of cuffs, and clamps her to a post.

IN THE SKY

Two airships fly directly above Quaid's craft to keep him from gaining altitude. WITWER'S AIRSHIP flies alongside him, about fifty feet higher.

WITWER'S AIRSHIP

Witwer and several cops stand at the open side hatch as if ready to jump out. Pulaski fires a large mounted gun toward Quaid's aircraft. A HEAVY PROJECTILE flies across and CLANKS against the hull.

CLOSE ON QUAID'S HULL

The projectile is an electromagnet that fastens firmly to the ship. A long cable flows from it back to Witwer's airship.

INT. WITWER'S AIRSHIP

Cops attach hooks to the cable. Witwer speaks into the VID-RADIO.

WITWER
Quaid, this is Witwer. Slow down and prepare for boarding.

INT. QUAID'S AIRSHIP

Quaid rushes to the controls to take evasive action. Witwer's face appears on Quaid's VID-RADIO SCREEN.

QUAID
Give me an hour, and I'll turn myself in.

INT. WITWER'S AIRSHIP

Witwer gives the signal and his men jump out of the plane and slide down the cable toward Quaid's airship.

WITWER
I can't do that. It's not fair to your victim.

INT. QUAID'S AIRSHIP

Pulaski and four cops swing into the airship and draw their guns.

Quaid realizes there's no point in resisting. He raises his hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECRIME - WIDE SHOT - DAY

The four airships approach headquarters and land on the rooftop.

INT. QUAID'S AIRSHIP - DAY

Lisa throws open the hatch, and Quaid steps to the threshold.

Down below, the entire Precrime roster has gathered on the tarmac to bid farewell their former boss.

Quaid is moved by the gesture.

ON WITWER

stepping down from his airship, seeing the crowd. He stiffens with resentment. Turns to a cop.

WITWER
Get him outta here. Now.

Witwer heads toward the office tower.

ON QUAID

descending from the airship, one step behind Lisa.

QUAID
(bitter)
What about that investigation, Lisa? Think you can you talk Ed into it?

LISA
Wait and see.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Lisa runs after Witwer and falls into step with him as he keeps walking.

LISA
Ed...Doug has evidence he's innocent.

WITWER
You've seen it?

LISA
No...but I promised you'd investigate.

Exasperated, Witwer glances at Quaid, then turns back to Lisa, resigned. He tenderly examines her cut forehead.

WITWER
Go to the infirmary. Get that cleaned up.

LISA
You'll give him a fair shake?

WITWER
Go now, or you're fired.

Lisa casts a last glance at Quaid, then heads inside. Witwer signals Pulaski to bring Quaid over to him.

WITWER (CONT'D)
(dubious)
All right. Let's see this evidence.

QUAID
It's in my shirt pocket.

Pulaski pulls out the case for the memory chip and hands it to Witwer.

QUAID (CONT'D)
That's raw data from a precog. A minority report. It shows that the time for Kaplan's murder has come and gone.

Witwer opens the case.

WITWER
Is this some kind of joke?

QUAID
Play it and find out.

WITWER
Play what?

Witwer displays the open case. It's empty. Quaid, dumbfounded, gropes for an explanation.

QUAID
It must be on the airship. -- Or wait, this guy Fleming, he works for Kaplan...

Witwer laughs heartily.

WITWER
Nice try.

QUAID
Check the files. I'm not the only one.

Witwer pulls Quaid aside and speaks to him confidentially.

WITWER
Listen to me, Quaid. These minority reports are always wrong.

QUAID
How would you know?

WITWER
Sullivan told me. -- They've been tested over and over, and not once did they ever turn out right.

QUAID
I don't believe it.

WITWER
Of course you don't.

QUAID
In any case, I'm an exception. I'm the only one who ever saw his card.

WITWER
Maybe you are; maybe you're not. But one thing's for sure. If it gets out about these minority reports, Precrime's finished. -- People just won't trust it any more.

QUAID
If Precrime can only survive by punishing innocent people, it's not worth saving.

Witwer responds with a conviction we haven't seen before.

WITWER
That's bullshit! The only thing keeping this whole fucking planet from chaos is Precrime. It works brilliantly, and you know it.
(calmer)
Unfortunately, every now and then, an innocent person might have to get sacrificed for the good of society.

Witwer shrugs with a measure of sympathy.

WITWER (CONT'D)
This time it's you.

Witwer turns to his men.

WITWER (CONT'D)
Now blast this asshole back to Demos.

Quaid is led away -- martyred to save a system he doesn't even believe in any more. He walks through the sea of familiar faces -- Marquez, Nolan, Parkhurst with his arm in a cast.

The doors to the shuttle hangar open in front of Quaid, ready to swallow him again -- this time forever.

Suddenly an UNBEARABLE SHRIEKING rends the air and grows louder and louder until it's disabling. Instinctively, everyone's hands clamp over their ears.

A BLACK NORTHBLOC AIR FORTRESS

hovers into view above a ridgetop. NAPALM CANNONS squirt ropes of fire with great precision, encircling the Precrime cops in raging curtains of flame.

ROOFTOP

Quaid and Witwer find themselves trapped within a cylinder of fire.

A few cops try to pull their guns, but they quickly give up and protect their ears again.

TWO FLYING TROOP CARRIERS

appear through the black smoke and flames and set down on the rooftop. One hundred and fifty heavily armed NORTHBLOC SOLDIERS IN FULL BATTLE ARMOR charge out. Protected by helmets and visors, they hardly look human.

INSIDE THE CIRCLES OF FIRE

Still holding their ears, the Precrime staff watches as the flames die down. They see that they are completely surrounded by Northbloc Soldiers in formation, ready to blow them away.

The SHRIEKING NOISE stops.

A GODLIKE VOICE thunders from above.

VOICE
THIS IS NORTHBLOC FEDERATED ARMY.
RAISE YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR.

The cops hesitate, trying to think up a way to fight back.

The Air Fortress blasts a line of foot deep craters into the tarmac, inches from their feet.

Immediately, hands fly straight up.

Faceless soldiers pull Quaid and Witwer from the ranks. They bring them before their COMMANDING OFFICER.

He lifts his visor. It's Kaplan.

KAPLAN
There's going to be a full investigation of all Precrime activities. Until that's completed, I'm shutting you down.

WITWER
The hell you are! I want to talk to Senator Sullivan!

KAPLAN
Senator Sullivan is under house arrest.

Kaplan turns to LT. SKINNER, straight out of officer candidate school.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Lieutenant, hold Mr. Witwer on the premises. See that the others are taken to the base.

LT. SKINNER
Yes, sir.

Kaplan slices through Quaid's handcuffs with a laser knife.

KAPLAN
Quaid, you come with me.

Kaplan strides toward the entrance to the Precrime office block. Quaid walks alongside, rubbing his bruised wrists.

In the background, Lt. Skinner shouts orders to his men, who round up the cops and march them on board the troop carriers.

KAPLAN
Fleming brought the minority report to me.

QUAID
I see...

KAPLAN
I've been sympathetic to his group for some time.
(more)

KAPLAN (Cont'd)
But as a Northbloc officer, I couldn't interfere in local affairs. -- Which way to the Temple?

Quaid guides Kaplan toward the proper stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME MOMENT

They shuffle down the stairs, with Kaplan's aides a few steps back.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
When I played that report, I knew I had to act immediately. I called General Cochran, explained the situation, and got the go-ahead.

QUAID
And you're not afraid I'm going to kill you?

KAPLAN
That would be extremely ungrateful, don't you think?

Quaid leads Kaplan through a door into the area outside the Temple.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME - CORRIDORS - THAT MOMENT

Northbloc soldiers are going from room to room, arresting all employees who weren't on the rooftop. Groups of prisoners, including secretaries and janitors, are held at gunpoint.

INT. PRECRIME - INFIRMARY - THAT MOMENT

Soldiers arrest a cowering NURSE PRACTITIONER.

YOUNG SOLDIER
Don't worry. You'll just be questioned and released.

The soldiers look around for signs of other personnel. Seeing none, they leave.

When the door closes, Lisa uncurls herself from a whirlpool bath. She's got a small healing patch on her forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE - SAME MOMENT

Quaid escorts Kaplan inside. Quaid gestures reassuringly to Page, who seems shaken by everything that's happened. Kaplan examines the mutants.

KAPLAN
Fascinating... How do you disconnect them?

PAGE
(outraged)
You can't do that!

KAPLAN
I can and I will.

QUAID
Big mistake, Colonel. If people find out the precogs aren't watching, all hell'll break loose.

KAPLAN
That's why we're stationing troops in the streets right now.

A shudder of dread runs through Quaid.

QUAID
What is this, a coup?

KAPLAN
A brief state of emergency. I assure you Northbloc has no interest in running Mars day to day.
(to Page)
Now disconnect them.

Page looks to Quaid for permission.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
He's not your boss. I am.

Page looks at Quaid helplessly. Slowly he approaches Donna and starts pulling plugs.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW SET - DAY

Quaid, Kaplan, and Senator Rice are being interviewed by a dignified middle-aged COMMENTATOR. Quaid wears a suit. He's back to his old self.

KAPLAN
Since Commissioner Quaid is clearly innocent, I've reinstated him in a custodial capacity.

QUAID
The first thing I'm going to do is check our records for minority reports and make sure no other innocent people are being punished.

INT. PRECRIME - THAT MOMENT

Lisa sneaks through the empty station. The takeover is complete. A patrol passes. Lisa dashes up some stairs.

INT. INTERVIEW SET - THAT MOMENT

The interview continues.

KAPLAN
Right after this show, Senator Rice and I will be taking off for the labor camp on Demos to institute reforms.

SENATOR RICE
Arthur, I'm going to personally see to the release of Professor Heinemann, who was illegally detained by order of Senator Sullivan.

INT. PRECRIME / ANALYTICAL WING - DAY

Lisa creeps from hiding and passes by the deserted consoles and machines. All of them are dark and quiet. She proceeds to the window that opens onto the Temple.

LISA'S POV: THE TEMPLE

The precogs are extremely agitated, flailing about in their chairs. Page tends to them.

ON LISA

Her concern grows into a deepening anxiety.

INT. LOBBY OF TV STATION - DAY

A jovial Kaplan walks Quaid to the elevator. Rice and his staff wait in the background.

QUAID
You're sure you don't want me to come along to Demos?

KAPLAN
No, take a few days off. Get some rest.

The elevator arrives. They shake hands.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
(joking)
Besides, I don't want to be on the same planet as the man who's supposed to murder me.

They both laugh heartily as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - THAT MOMENT

Alone, Quaid laughs one more time. Then the idea starts to seem somehow disturbing.

CUT TO:

INT. QUAID'S HOME - NIGHT

The door opens, and Quaid walks in, exhausted. He turns on the lights. Takes off his tie. Pours himself a Scotch.

In the mirror, he sees a figure behind him.

He pulls his gun and spins!

It's Lisa. Her face is sallow with dread.

QUAID
What are you doing here?

LISA
Doug, I'm afraid.

She steps closer. He waves her back with a flick of the gun.

LISA (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Something's about to happen. Something awful.

QUAID
Like what?

LISA
I don't know. -- But that's why the precogs were disconnected. It's not about you. It's not about civil rights.
(beat)
Somebody doesn't want us to know the future.

QUAID
Who's paranoid now?

LISA
You didn't see them. They're frantic. -- They're seeing something horrible; only nobody's listening.

QUAID
I know how that feels.

Lisa stares into his eyes, overwhelmed with remorse.

LISA
Oh Doug, I wanted to help you, but what could I do. We all thought the precogs were like God. Letting you go would've been committing murder.

His hostility is beginning to waver.

LISA (cont'd)
But now even the precogs are afraid. -- If you don't believe me, call Page.

Quaid thinks for a moment, then steps to the vidphone. Keeping Lisa covered with his gun, he presses a button on the speed dial.

The screen shows Quaid's "transmit" self-image until the call is answered. Then it switches to Page in the Temple.

He's sweating, and his hair is a mess. In the background, the precogs are much worse than before -- wailing hysterically and thrashing about.

PAGE
I was getting ready to call you. I've already tried sedating them.

Quaid glances at Lisa. Lowers his gun.

QUAID
(to Page)
Reconnect them for a minute. Let's see what's on their minds.

PAGE
I can't.

QUAID
Just do it. I'll take responsibility.

PAGE
That's not what I meant. Soldiers came by a few minutes ago and confiscated the equipment.

Another look between Quaid and Lisa. A chill.

QUAID
Stay there. I'm coming down. I'll try and talk to Donna.

Quaid signs off and tucks his gun into his jacket.

QUAID
(to Lisa)
Let's go.

They rush out of his home.

INT. PRECRIME / TEMPLE - THAT MOMENT

Page watches nervously as the precogs' agitation escalates to a frenzy of pure panic. Whatever they're seeing must be truly horrible.

With peculiar slowness, Page walks to his desk and opens a drawer. He pulls out a silenced pistol.

The precogs are now absolutely apoplectic, spastically trying to tear themselves free from their chairs.

Page walks to the precogs and, with a grimace of distaste, he methodically shoots a bullet into each of their heads.

Trembling, Page wipes off the gun, and sets it on his desk.

As he leaves the Temple, the precogs twitch in death spasms.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBEWAY - NIGHT

Quaid drives his car at breakneck speed, swerving up the left side of the tube to pass one car, then skating directly up the right side to pass another. - Lisa holds onto her seat.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME / SHUTTLE HANGAR - NIGHT

Page, ashen, walks by a group of reporters who are interviewing Senator Rice at the base of the shuttle. He walks up the ramp into the vessel, pushing past Kaplan's four henchmen, who kidnapped Quaid. They are all carrying heavy duffle bags.

INT. SHUTTLE - THAT MOMENT

Page walks over to Kaplan, who is speaking with Fleming.

PAGE
Colonel Kaplan...

Kaplan turns to Page, rather surprised.

KAPLAN
You're early.

PAGE
Quaid called. He's on his way over.

KAPLAN
(a beat)
Is it done?

Page nods. Kaplan turns to Fleming.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
We're leaving right away. Prepare for take off.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBEWAY - NIGHT

Quaid and Lisa get stuck in slow traffic. He bangs on the dashboard.

QUAID
Shit!

He slaps a flashing cherry on the roof.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE HANGAR - NIGHT

Senator Rice stops by the door to answer a few more questions. Kaplan stands behind her, his patience at an end.

SENATOR RICE
What if the war doesn't end in the next few years? Are we supposed to delay independence indefinitely? In my opinion...

KAPLAN
(interrupting)
I'm sorry, but Senator Rice can't answer any more questions right now. Thank you very much. If we don't take off now, we'll run into turbulence.

Kaplan takes Rice by the arm and leads her forcefully into the shuttle. Rice is furious, but to avoid an unpleasant scene, she goes along.

INT. SHUTTLE - THAT MOMENT

Fleming shuts the door behind Kaplan and Rice. They are alone in the front cabin.

SENATOR RICE
Who in the hell do you think you are, you little pissant Napoleon?! Nobody treats me like that. I mean nobody!

KAPLAN
I'm sorry, Senator, I should've been more diplomatic, but we're in a crisis situation and...

Fleming grabs Rice from behind. With a violent wrench, he breaks her neck. Without missing a beat, Kaplan grabs the senator's feet, and together they lower her body into a seat.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Make sure she doesn't float around.

Fleming straps a shoulder harness over the body.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECRIME / PARKING STRUCTGURE - NIGHT

Quaid's car drives into the parking structure as the shuttle takes off. He parks, and they run toward the building.

INT. PRECRIME / ANALYTICAL WING - A MOMENT LATER

Quaid and Lisa dash through the deserted area to the security gate to the Temple. He uses his card to let himself and Lisa inside.

INT. PRECRIME / THE TEMPLE - THAT MOMENT

Quaid and Lisa look around. Most of the equipment is gone. The chamber is completely silent.

QUAID
Where's Page?

They approach the precogs.

LISA
Oh my God...

Lisa examines the bloody corpses of Jerry and Simon. Quaid sadly regards Donna, who is still breathing.

QUAID
Donna's alive.
(leans close)
Donna, can you hear me?

She doesn't respond, but Quaid sees that her EEG shows feeble signs of mental activity.

QUAID (CONT'D)
I'm going to plug in. Brain to brain.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE - NIGHT

As the force of acceleration diminishes, Kaplan enters the cockpit, where Fleming pilots the shuttle. The dead pilot slumps in the co-pilot's seat with a bullet wound in his head. Kaplan makes a call on the Vid-Radio and connects with Lt. Skinner, who's in charge back at Precrime.

SKINNER
Yes, sir, Colonel...

KAPLAN
Everything all right down there, Skinner?

SKINNER
Yes, sir. The reporters have all gone.

KAPLAN
(reassured)
Good. And Lieutenant...
(uncertain)
Commissioner Quaid's been under a lot of pressure lately. Go make sure the precogs are all right, and change the entry codes.

SKINNER
Yes, sir, Colonel. Right away.

Kaplan disconnects -- and smiles at Fleming.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE - THAT MOMENT

Quaid finishes attaching a corona of electrodes to his forehead. Lisa prepares to connect it to a thick cable snaking from Donna's skull.

LISA
(nervous)
Are you sure you want to do this?

QUAID
I have to.

Quaid takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. Lisa makes the connection.

DONNA'S MIND: FLASHES OF SEARING WHITE LIGHT

take us into the mind of a dying precog. Staccato images decay as soon as they appear. Donna babbles faintly in the background.

Page kills Donna. / Page speaks with Kaplan. / Fleming kills Senator Rice in front of Kaplan. / Kaplan walks down a prison corridor with Richter. / Prison Guards assembled in a large room. / Static. / Prisoners burning up in their cells. / Static. / A barren lunar landscape. / Witwer in a shuttle hangar, running. / Static. / A beautiful naked girl.

The image decays to darkness.

DONNA (O.S.)
Quaid... Quaid...

The image struggles back to life, flickering and grainy. That beautiful naked girl. It's a pin-up poster taped to a piece of equipment. Pan down and find a strange object lying on the floor, underneath the equipment.

A heavenly body in space. It looks like Mars. It explodes into rubble!

The image decays to darkness and silence.

INT. TEMPLE

Quaid opens his eyes, stupefied.

Donna's EEG readout is flat. Lisa looks at him expectantly. He can barely speak.

QUAID
Page killed the precogs. He's working with Kaplan. I think they've killed Senator Rice, too.

Lisa is stunned.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Kaplan's going to murder a lot more people on Demos, too.

LISA
Why?

QUAID
I don't know. I saw fire, prisoners dying...

Lisa waits expectantly.

QUAID (CONT'D)
I think I saw Mars explode.

Lt. Skinner enters the Temple to check on the precogs. He sees Quaid and Lisa. He sees the precogs, covered in blood. He sees Page's silenced gun on the desk.

Lt. Skinner raises his rifle and aims it at Quaid and Lisa.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEMOS - NIGHT

Kaplan's shuttle lands at the prison camp.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME / HOLDING TANK

Lt. Skinner marches Quaid and Lisa into the holding tank. FOUR SOLDIERS are watching a baseball game on TV. Witwer occupies one of the cells. He stares at Lisa, puzzled.

LT. SKINNER
They killed the precogs. Open a cell.

LISA
(to Witwer)
They were dead when we got there.

As one of the soldiers unlocks a barred door, Quaid stumbles and bumps Lt. Skinner into the bars of Witwer's cell. Witwer grabs Skinner and holds him. Quaid snatches his rifle and aims it on the other soldiers.

QUAID
Get inside.

Lisa takes the key and lets Witwer out of his cell.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Come on, we've got some murders to prevent.

WITWER
Why the switcheroo, Quaid? Suddenly you like me?

Lisa and Witwer grab rifles.

QUAID
You were right all along...

Quaid slams the cell door on the soldiers.

QUAID (CONT'D)
I should have killed Kaplan.

The three of them run out of the holding tank.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Richter guides Kaplan through the prison. Fleming, Page, and the four agents follow behind. The facility is deserted, except for the prisoners, who are all locked up in their cells.

RICHTER
The cafeteria's just up ahead, Colonel. My whole crew's waiting inside.

KAPLAN
Is everybody there -- every guard, every cook? I want them to hear this from my lips.

RICHTER
Yes, sir, Colonel. Just as you ordered.

They arrive at the cafeteria door.

KAPLAN
Good work, Richter. I won't forget this.

Richter beams with pride and starts to say thank you -- when he sees that Kaplan has a gun in his hand.

THWK. Kaplan shoots him through the heart.

Before Richter's body even hits the floor, Kaplan's men have pulled INCENDIARY GRENADES from under their clothes.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Ready?

INT. CAFETERIA - THAT MOMENT

FIFTY GUARDS AND STAFF MEMBERS are waiting impatiently. The door opens. Kaplan and his crew charge inside and throw grenades throughout the room.

Before the startled guards can react, Kaplan and his men have backed out of the cafeteria and -- SCHWOOK! The grenades exploc instantly filling the room with WHITE HOT FLAMES.

OUTSIDE THE CAFETERIA

Kaplan takes the electronic master key from Richter's pocket and leads his men away.

INT. CAFETERIA

Fifty charred bodies lie contorted among the melted plastic and metal.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE HANGAR - NIGHT

Quaid, Lisa, and Witwer scale the ramp to the shuttle. The door of the hangar bursts open. They turn and open fire. The soldiers back away.

LISA
You go. I'll hold 'em off.
(a beat)
One grenade could disable the shuttle.

QUAID
Let her stay. It's safer.

Witwer looks at Lisa with resignation.

WITWER
Be careful.

LISA
You, too.

Witwer dashes on board the shuttle. Quaid and Lisa exchange a last look, then he and Witwer go inside.

A moment later, Lt. Skinner and his soldiers pour inside through a different door, protected from Lisa by rows of equipment.

She keeps them away from the shuttle, but they scatter and approach from all sides, unleashing a torrent of bullets. Lisa has to take cover. They charge the shuttle, grenades in hand -- when suddenly the engines roar to life, engulfing the soldiers in a roiling cloud of exhaust.

The shuttle lifts out of its launcher and soars from the hangar.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON / SOUTHBLOC PRISONER-OF-WAR YARD - NIGHT

Kaplan and his men march toward the yard, now carrying the heavy duffle-bags they brought from Mars. Twelve Southbloc prisoners-of-war, including Austen, gather at the gate, curious.

KAPLAN
We're from Southblock. We're here to take you home.

The Prisoners erupt into cheers. Kaplan signals for order.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
There's something we need you to do.

Fleming unlocks the gate with Richter's electronic key. The prisoners pour out, euphoric.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Listen carefully. Northbloc can't survive without turbinium. We're going to choke off the supply. -- There's enough turbinium on Demos for a twenty thousand megaton explosion. You'll be planting charges to detonate it.

Kaplan indicates Fleming and his four agents.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Do what my men tell you, and Southbloc will win the war.

Fleming divides the prisoners into four groups. Kaplan takes Austen aside.

KAPLAN
Take me to Heinemann.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - NIGHT

As Quaid pilots the vessel, Witwer tries urgently to get through to the prison on the vid-radio.

WITWER
Demos, come in. Demos.

No response.

WITWER (CONT'D)
You think it's a plot by the army?

QUAID
(puzzled)
That prison is run by the army.
(dawning on him)
Kaplan's a Southbloc agent!

But now they're really worried.

WITWER
How much turbinium have we got up there?

QUAID
Enough to blow Demos right out of its orbit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR / SPACE FREIGHTER

Fleming, the four agents, and the prisoners finish planting charges in the deserted gargantuan locations where huge quantities of turbinium are stored.

FLEMING
All right, let's go!

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Kaplan and Austen hurry toward the shuttle, pulling Heinemann with them.

HEINEMANN
Do you mind if I ask where you're taking me?

KAPLAN
We've got lots of mutants in Southbloc now, thanks to all the bombing. You're going to build another Precrime, for us.

HEINEMANN
You don't understand. The system is flawed.

KAPLAN
The system was perfect, you fool. That's why it had to be eliminated.

Kaplan enters the office area near the entrance, where Fleming and the crew are waiting for them.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
Are all the charges planted?

Fleming nods.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
All right, let's get the hell out of here.

Whooping with joy, the Southbloc terrorists head through the security cubicle into the gravity transition corridor. Heinemann stares blankly as the enormity of his error starts to dawn on him

INT. GRAVITY TRANSITION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The group piles up as they wait for the door of the shuttle to open. Nobody's paying attention to Heinemann.

He grabs a rifle and opens fire. He mows down Page, nine prisoners, and two of Kaplan's agents before Kaplan and Fleming, hiding behind bodies, pick him off.

This little massacre takes the edge off Kaplan's triumph.

KAPLAN
Leave them. We haven't got time.

Looking back with regret, Kaplan leads the survivors (Fleming, Intruder, Driver, Austen, and two more freed prisoners) onto the shuttle.

CUT TO:

OUTER SPACE

Quaid's shuttle approaches Demos. The prison camp comes into view.

INT. QUAID'S SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Quaid begins the sequence for landing.

WITWER
I think we're too late.

Quaid looks up and sees Kaplan's shuttle speeding away from Demos.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME - QUAID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lisa, bursting with frustration, is handcuffed to a chair. Lt. Skinner, blase and condescending, interrogates her. A soldier stands nearby.

LT. SKINNER
Why would Colonel Kaplan want to kill the precogs?

LISA
So he could get away with murder. -- Lots of murders.

LT. SKINNER
Are you accusing a Northbloc officer of treason?

Lisa wishes she could strangle him.

CUT TO:

INT. KAPLAN'S SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Kaplan sits in the co-pilot seat. Fleming, the pilot, checks a gauge.

FLEMING
We've gone six hundred miles.

KAPLAN
(turns to cabin)
Okay, everybody, hold on.

The passengers brace themselves with eager anticipation.

Kaplan presses a numerical code on a remote transmitter.

EXT. DEMOS

BOOM! The freight elevator explodes, followed a second later by the enormous space freighter - KABOOM! The titanic blast vaporizes the entire labor camp.

INT. PRISON CELLS

The prisoners burn up in their cells, exactly as precog Donna showed Quaid.

EXT. DEMOS

The explosion builds and builds until its fireball engulfs perhaps a third of the entire moon.

INT. QUAID'S SHUTTLE

Quaid and Witwer have just a moment to brace themselves before the shock wave from the explosion hits them like a tidal wave.

EXT. QUAID'S SHUTTLE IN SPACE

The vessel is tossed violently and blown far off course.

EXT. SURFACE OF MARS

A hot WINDSTORM sweeps across the planet like an instant typhoon, blowing away power lines and rooftops. Airships are overturned on their pads. Glass tubeways shudder in the gale.

INT. PRECRIME / QUAID'S OFFICE

One pane blows out of the glass wall.

LISA
Get down!

Lisa topples over, using the chair for protection. Lt. Skinner and the soldier take refuge under Quaid's desk. Suddenly, the whole wall of glass blows in.

INT. QUAID'S SHUTTLE

Quaid battles to gain control of the ship -- struggling, struggling.....Until the storm subsides.

EXT. PRECRIME ROOFTOP

The wind dies down.

INT. PRECRIME / QUAID'S OFFICE

Lt. Skinner and the soldier crawl out from under the desk.

LISA
Do you believe me now?

Lt. Skinner unlocks her handcuffs and helps her to her feet. The soldier walks to the open window frame and looks up at the sky. He seems disturbed.

SOLDIER
There's something different, sir, but I can't tell what.

Lt. Skinner and Lisa step up beside him and take a look.

LT. SKINNER
Demos is bigger.

There's no question about it.

LISA
Not bigger.
(ominous)
Closer.

CUT TO:

INT. QUAID'S SHUTTLE - NIGHT

The shuttle has been completely disabled. The engines have no power. The radio doesn't work.

Quaid checks a navigational display. He seems confused. He looks out the windshield at Phobos, close by. He looks out the window at Demos, far in the distance. -- He's aghast.

QUAID
He did it... He knocked Demos out of its orbit.

WITWER
You can't just blow a moon out of its orbit.

QUAID
This isn't like Earth. Our moons are small.

Witwer picks up on Quaid's fear.

WITWER
So what's that mean?

QUAID
It's going to crash into Mars.
(a beat)
Just like I saw.

They both try to grasp the scale of the impending cataclysm.

WITWER
What about Lisa?

QUAID
What about everybody?

They are about to float by the little moon of Phobos, barren except for a LIGHTHOUSE/OBSERVATORY COMPLEX on the far end. Quaid snaps out of his reverie.

QUAID (CONT'D)
If we drift into space, we'll never be found. We have to try a landing on Phobos.

Quaid struggles with the controls to begin a descent. The shuttle plummets downward, wobbling wildly.

EXT. SHUTTLE / SURFACE OF PHOBOS

At the last minute, Quaid brings the vessel parallel to the ground. The belly of the shuttle scrapes hard against the surface, raising a cloud of soft dust -- saved only by the fact that the gravity on the moon is very weak. It comes to rest against a spiky rock formation.

WIDE SHOT: PHOBOS

Quaid's shuttle lies on its side about a mile away from the LIGHTHOUSE, the last outpost before deep space.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAPLAN'S SHUTTLE - NIGHT

glides by the Lighthouse, heading toward Earth.

INT. KAPLAN'S SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Champagne has been poured. Kaplan addresses his cohorts.

KAPLAN
Gentlemen, within in an hour, Demos will strike Mars, and Northbloc will have no more turbinium. -- And no more Mars.

Wild celebration. Kaplan signals for quiet.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
But our victory has not been without a price.
(raises his glass)
To our fallen comrades.

GENTLEMEN
Our fallen comrades.

They drink a solemn toast.

KAPLAN
Twelve hours from now, we'll rendez-vous with one of our freighters in sector fourteen. But until then, as they say..."Let's party!"

And the champagne flows again.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAID'S SHUTTLE ON PHOBOS - NIGHT

The door opens. Two figures in space suits stand on the threshold and peer into the distance. Phobos is so small that the curvature of its surface is quite noticeable. Far away, the Lighthouse Complex can be seen.

Witwer points at the distant lights and speaks to Quaid through the radios in their helmets.

WITWER
Things could be worse. That reactor'll keep us warm for years.

QUAID
Of course, we'll run out of food in a week.

They jump from the threshold and drop lightly to the surface. Quaid helps Witwer to his feet.

QUAID (CONT'D)
Hurry up. I just figured out what to do.

Quaid starts bounding across the landscape with long, low-gravity strides. Witwer struggles to catch up.

WITWER
What's that?

QUAID
The same thing Kaplan did.

A voice comes over their helmet radios.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello, do you read me?

QUAID
Loud and clear.
(looks around)
Where are you?

A HOVERSLED floats over the crest of a hill.

VOICE
See me now? I'm the lighthouse keeper. I thought you might need help.

QUAID
You know what's about to happen?

VOICE
Yeah, the end of the world. -- For the first time in years, I'm glad to be on Phobos.

The hoversled comes to a stop next to Quaid and Witwer. They continue their radio conversation, but at least now they can see each other.

The Lighthouse Keeper is a short, sloppy, rather eccentric astronomer, about 35, whose job requires him to be both brainy and handy. His name is POLLARD.

QUAID
Listen, if we explode the reactor, is it strong enough to blow Phobos out of orbit?

POLLARD
(strange question)
I guess so. -- Sure. Definitely.

QUAID
Then maybe we can crash Phobos into Demos. We can knock it off course before it hits Mars.

The idea is so preposterous that Witwer and Pollard don't know how to respond.

WITWER
Are you out of your fuckin' mind? You want to play pool with the planets? This is the stupidest idea I've heard in my life.
(to Pollard)
Isn't it?

POLLARD
Hop on. I'll need every second to figure out the trajectories.

CUT TO:

INT. KAPLAN'S SHUTTLE - THAT MOMENT

Kaplan and his men are celebrating when Fleming comes out of the cockpit and pulls Kaplan aside.

FLEMING
I've picked up a transmission from Phobos. I think you ought to hear this.

Kaplan, concerned, goes with him into the cockpit.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOBOS - DAY

Quaid and Witwer ride in Pollard's hoversled over the rough lunar terrain, approaching the LIGHTHOUSE COMPLEX. It consists of an OBSERVATORY, TURBINIUM REACTOR and a SHUTTLE HANGAR. (A mountainside separates the reactor from the rest of the complex.)

POLLARD
Phobos circles Mars once every four hours, and it rotates on its axis once every seventy-three minutes.

INT. KAPLAN'S SHUTTLE / COCKPIT - A MOMENT LATER

Kaplan listens to this conversation with Fleming.

POLLARD (O.S.)
We'll have one chance to hit Demos when the two orbits cross, but the timing of the blast has to be exact.

FLEMING
They're dreaming. It's a million to one shot.

Kaplan thinks hard.

KAPLAN
Turn the shuttle around. We're going back to Phobos.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE COMPLEX / REACTOR - NIGHT

Quaid, Witwer, and Pollard come out of the air lock and remove their helmets and pressure suits.

POLLARD
This is a GE-17 reactor with six tons of turbinium in the core. It generates air, power, and gravity for the station.

Quiad and Witwer set down their rifles and look strangely at Pollard. He's in his undershorts and argyle socks.

POLLARD (CONT'D)
My pants are in the dryer.

QUAID
Do you keep explosives here?

POLLARD
No, but I have some emergency fuel packs in the observatory.

WITWER
That'll do. I can rig the radios to set 'em off.

QUAID
(to Pollard)
You get the fuel packs. We'll work on the detonator.

POLLARD
I'll be right back.

The Lighthouse Keeper heads into a tunnel that cuts through the mountain to the rest of the complex.

WITWER
And warm up the shuttle. I don't want to get stuck here.

POLLARD
The shuttle's not here. It doesn't come till Wednesday.

Quaid and Witwer glance at each other.

WITWER
Then how do we get off this fuckin' rock?

POLLARD
There's an emergency pod we can hide in. It'll survive anything.

QUAID
But they only hold two people.

Pollard grimaces, mortified.

POLLARD
I forgot. -- If you don't want to go through with this...

Quaid and Witwer grit their teeth.

QUAID
Get the fuel.

CUT TO:

INT. KAPLAN'S SHUTTLE

In the front cabin, Kaplan puts on his body armor, preparing himself for battle. He looks over his shoulder and finds the remainder of his crew, except for the pilot, standing behind him, grim-faced. Several of them hold guns aimed at him.

AUSTEN
(almost apologetic)
Colonel, Mars is about to blow up, and we don't think it's such a great idea to go back there.

KAPLAN
Don't you grasp what's at stake? We can't take any chances!

AUSTEN
We're not.

As Austen raises his rifle...THWK...he gets a glazed look in his eyes. THWK THWK THWK THWK THWK. The six mutineers collapse like puppets with their strings cut -- revealing Fleming, standing behind them with a smoking gun.

KAPLAN
You drive. I'll mop this up.

THWK. Kaplan casually places a safety bullet in a corpse at his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. REACTOR - NIGHT

Quaid and Witwer have broken open the helmets of their spacesuits and are juryrigging a detonator from the parts. Totally immersed in their work, they activate the transmitter. A spark crackles from the receiver.

WITWER
I've just got one question. If there's only room for two in that emergency pod, who's gonna get left behind?

QUAID
I was hoping you'd volunteer.

WITWER
I like your sense of humor.

Pollard shuffles over to them, now dressed, and sets down two heavy sacks with the fuel and supplies for blowing up the reactor.

QUAID
How much time do we have?

POLLARD
Just a few minutes. The computer's working on it.

Pollard hands Quaid a lightweight earphone/mike.

POLLARD (CONT'D)
We'll keep in touch through this. Don't blow anything up until I say so, or we'll miss Demos entirely and just crash into Mars. -- I've got to get back now.

The Lighthouse Keeper dashes back up the stairs.

QUAID
You haven't forgotten to tell us anything else?

POLLARD
I'm really sorry about that, guys. I guess you'll have to draw straws.

WITWER
(under his breath)
Yeah, right.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECRIME / ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Soldiers are fighting each other for the remaining air cruisers. The airships take off with soldiers hanging from their landing gear.

Lisa arrives on the rooftop as the last vehicle flies away.

She is alone under the engorged moon.

She runs into the shuttle hangar.

INT. PRECRIME SHUTTLE HANGAR

She dashes into the control booth and switches the radio to SHUTTLE B.

LISA
Hello, Shuttle B, come in.
(static, no answer)
Quaid? Witwer?

Still no answer. She checks the radar screen for the location of Shuttle B. A homing device on the craft indicates its position on Phobos.

She calls the Lighthouse on Phobos. She reaches Pollard, who works with extreme concentration at the computer.

LISA
This is Lt. McArthur at Precrime.
Did one of our shuttles land on
Phobos?

POLLARD
(not looking up)
They're fine. I can't talk right
now...

INT. OBSERVATORY - THAT MOMENT

Pollard manipulates graphic displays of the orbits of Mars, Phobos, and Demos. Behind him, we see the thick-shelled EMERGENCY POD, open for loading like an egg-shaped coffin for two.

POLLARD
If I don't solve this equation,
everybody on Mars is going to die.

We see Lisa on his vid-phone. She goes pale.

LISA
...Everybody?

POLLARD
Everybody who isn't on a rocket.

INT. REACTOR - THAT MOMENT

Quaid and Witwer attach the fuel packs to the reactor core, deep in the machine. Quaid hears a voice in his ear.

LISA (O.S.)
Doug, are you there?

QUAID
(surprised)
Lisa? Where are you?

Witwer looks up, hearing her name. Quaid speaks as he and Witwer continue working. (INTERCUT with Lisa.)

LISA
I'm down at Precrime. How will you get away from Phobos?

QUAID
You don't happen to have an extra shuttle around, do you?

LISA
Sorry, I've got the same problem.

QUAID
I was afraid of that.

WITWER
Tell her I love her.

QUAID
Ed says he loves you.

LISA
I know...
(beat)
But I love you.

Quaid hesitates a moment before resuming his work.

QUAID
You're just saying that because you want your job back.

LISA
I'm going to come up there and smack you.

POLLARD (O.S.)
I hate to interrupt this beautiful moment, but showtime is in exactly three minutes and twenty-three seconds.

QUAID
(to Witwer)
Three minutes and twenty-three seconds.

LISA
Give Ed a hug for me.

QUAID
I will. See you in the office tomorrow.

LISA
Good luck.

QUAID
You too.

The conversation is over.

WITWER
What did she say?

QUAID
She told me to give you a big juicy kiss.

WITWER
That's disgusting.

Witwer hands Quaid the last fuel pack.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Excuse me, guys, are you expecting guests?

QUAID
What do you mean?

POLLARD (O.S.)
Look up.

Quaid cranes his neck and looks through the glass roof. A Precrime shuttle is dropping vertically into the hangar. He elbows Witwer to look.

QUAID
It's Kaplan.

INT. SHUTTLE HANGAR

Kaplan's shuttle slowly lowers itself into the hangar, filling the space with fire and smoke.

INT. REACTOR AREA - THAT MOMENT

Quaid waits anxiously as Witwer attaches the detonator to the last fuel charge.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Two minute warning. How ya doing?

Witwer finishes.

QUAID
We're coming in.

Witwer picks up the remote control. Quaid looks around for their rifles.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Take the metal stairs to the hangar. The observatory is on the far side. -- And don't bother looking for your guns. I have them.

QUAID
You little bastard!

POLLARD (O.S.)
Sorry. I was afraid you'd kill me for my seat.

QUAID
(to Witwer)
He took our guns. Let's go.

They run up into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE HANGAR - THAT MOMENT

The hatch of the shuttle opens. Kaplan and Fleming stand at the threshold, waiting for the ramp to descend. Each of them carries the ARMY'S MOST POWERFUL COMBAT RIFLE -- and the SERVO-CONTROLLED SHOULDER HARNESS that allows them to operate the heavy weapon.

Quaid and Witwer charge in from the tunnel. They see that the shuttle has landed. They look at the door on the far side, marked "OBSERVATORY." They see that the shuttle's ramp has not yet lowered all the way to the floor.

QUAID
Let's go for it.

They sprint across the hangar.

Withering gunfire chews up the path in front of them.

They dive for cover among the maze of machinery that lines the perimeter of the hangar.

KAPLAN AND FLEMING

run down the ramp and block the path to the observatory.

QUAID AND WITWER

are trapped. They look around for a way out. There doesn't seem to be one. They peer through a crack between two machines and see Kaplan and Fleming getting closer.

KAPLAN
Come on out, Quaid. I know all about your plan.

Quietly, behind them, the door to the observatory opens. Pollard slips out, awkwardly holding one of the lightweight automatic rifles. It's clear he knows nothing about guns.

KAPLAN (CONT'D)
This schoolboy physics will never work. Why kill yourself trying?

Pollard summons his courage and opens fire.

He misses by six feet.

Kaplan and Fleming spin and return fire, spewing bullets while they hone in on their target.

Pollard drops the gun and ducks back into the observatory an instant before bullets punch holes in the metal door.

KAPLAN

signals Fleming to search in one direction, while he goes in the other.

QUAID AND WITWER

keep moving stealthily among the equipment. Witwer holds the detonator.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Sorry, I tried. -- Fifty-eight seconds.

Quaid pulls Witwer close and whispers in his ear.

QUAID
Fifty-eight seconds. -- I'll distract them. You go for the door.

Witwer nods, ashamed and grateful.

WITWER
Thanks.

Quaid walks away.

KAPLAN AND FLEMING

sweep around opposite sides of the room, flushing out their quarry.

QUAID

knocks over a table, creating a loud noise.

KAPLAN AND FLEMING

run toward the noise from their different positions.

WITWER

makes a dash for the observatory door.

QUAID

runs across an aisle so he'll be seen.

FLEMING

chases after him.

FLEMING
Over here! I've got him!

WITWER

reaches the observatory door. The rifle Pollard dropped is lying on the floor.

FLEMING

turns a corner. There's Quaid! Quaid turns and sees Fleming raise his rifle.

WITWER

blasts Fleming with a barrage of bullets.

KAPLAN

swings his rifle and blasts Witwer to death.

WITWER'S BODY

tumbles to the floor of the hangar. The remote detonator slides from his hand and disappears underneath the banks of equipment.

QUAID,

wincing, searches for the detonator.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Fifteen seconds.

KAPLAN

forces Quaid into the last few aisles where he could possibly hide.

KAPLAN
Come on out, Quaid. Why get yourself killed?

QUAID

looks down an aisle. At the far end, he sees a calendar photo of a naked woman. He stops. Where has he seen this before?

POLLARD (O.S.)
Eleven seconds....Quaid, can you hear me?

KAPLAN

keeps walking down the aisles, searching.

KAPLAN
We can both fly out of here and live.

QUAID

tries to remember.

FLASHBACK: CLOSE ON BEAUTIFUL NAKED GIRL

Panning down the image, seeing its a poster, taped to a machine, and underneath the machine...There's the detonator! On the floor

POLLARD (O.S.)
Eight, wait till I tell you.

QUAID

charges down the aisle toward the poster.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Seven.

KAPLAN

is walking down the aisles, looking.

KAPLAN
A lot more people will die on Earth if this war goes on.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Six...five...

QUAID

dives like he's stealing home.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Four...

KAPLAN

is one aisle away.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Not yet, three.

QUAID,

sliding across the floor, reaches under the machines and grabs the detonator.

POLLARD (O.S.)
Two.

The two longest seconds in history...as Quaid must lie there and wait, fighting the urge to press the button.

POLLARD (O.S.)
One.....

Kaplan appears at the end of the aisle! He raises his rifle!

POLLARD (O.S.)
NOW!

WHOOM! Kaplan is thrown to the ground by a POWERFUL BLAST.

INT. REACTOR -- THAT MOMENT

Filled with flames from the fuel packs, THE CORE OF THE REACTOR now EXPLODES!

EXT. PHOBOS IN SPACE

The impact of the gigantic blast sends the potato-shaped moon into a wild spin!

INT. SHUTTLE HANGAR - THAT MOMENT

The hangar and everything in it are shaking violently.

Quaid, protected from the initial blast by the wall of machinery, leaps over Kaplan's body, which lies prostrate on the floor. He vaults up the stairs to the observatory and dashes inside.

INT. OBSERVATORY - THAT MOMENT

The place is deserted. Pollard is gone. The emergency capsule is sealed shut like an egg.

Quaid runs over to it and tries to pry it open. The fit is seemless. He pounds on the shell.

QUAID
Let me in, you bastard!

He bashes the butt of his rifle against the capsule.

QUAID (CONT'D)
I'm alone!!!!!

CUT TO:

PHOBOS IN SPACE

Tumbling toward Mars, heading toward a possible rendez-vous with Demos -- if their paths cross at precisely the right moment.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATORY - THAT MOMENT

Quaid stops trying to break into the capsule. Chest heaving, he looks up through the glass dome.

QUAID'S POV

Mars, frighteningly large, rises from the horizon, passes its zenith and sets, all in fifteen seconds. Demos follows Mars through the sky -- and the sun comes trailing after, much smaller but traveling at the same exaggerated speed.

QUAID

can only stare in wonder.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARS - TOKYO SQUARE

Frenzied pedestrians run in all directions, while others stand fixated, staring up at Demos, which almost fills the sky. A sea of dust rises from the ground, pulled by a lunar tide. Up above, the clouds are stretched out, pointing toward Demos -- tugged by gravity from above as well as below.

INT. TUBEWAY

Gridlock. Cacophanous honking of horns. Evacuating motorists are panicking.

EXT. PRECRIME / ROOFTOP

Lisa runs to a heavy corrugated tin door. She unlocks it and shoves it aside, revealing a service garage.

INT. PRECRIME / SERVICE GARAGE

Inside, a damaged police cruiser with its hood up. Lisa jumps into driver's seat and cranks up the engine.

It whines. It wheezes....It starts!

CUT TO:

INT PHOBOS / OBSERVATORY

Quaid opens the door to the hangar and looks out.

INT. PHOBOS / HANGAR

The place is in rubble. Most of the machines have toppled over, scorched on the upper side. The shuttle is blackened on one side, but it still stands, slightly askew in its gantry.

Kaplan, hobbling up the ramp, his back badly burned, turns and fires at Quaid. Quaid takes cover. Kaplan limps into the shuttle.

Quaid sprints after him, gaining ground.

Kaplan closes the hatch, but Quaid grabs it just before it shuts and tries to hold it open. He has to let go or lose his fingers. -- The hatch slams shut.

QUAID
NOOO!!

Quaid looks up through the transparent roof of the hangar.

QUAID'S POV

Clouds are streaming by. Mars is so close that Phobos is being engulfed by its atmosphere.

INT. PHOBOS / HANGAR

The shuttle's engines fire up. The roof opens so that the shuttle can fly out -- and air rushes in.

In a fury, Quaid empties his rifle into an electrical panel in the side of the shuttle. After about sixty rounds, sparks and vapor erupt. Then the engine chokes and dies.

INT. SHUTTLE COCKPIT

Kaplan tries furiously to restart the engine.

INT. PHOBOS / HANGAR

Quaid exults at spoiling Kaplan's escape. Then a sound catches his attention and he looks up.

An airship is flying overhead!

Quaid hurriedly climbs the gantry to the roof.

EXT. PHOBOS

Silhouetted against the overlapping discs of Demos and Mars, a Precrime airship approaches the Complex.

INT. AIRSHIP

Lisa looks out the window for a sign of Quaid.

A tiny figure climbs to the roof of the hangar and waves his jacket like a flag. She sees him! -- She banks the airship.

EXT. ROOF OF HANGAR

Quaid waits as the airship drops down and hovers just above him, a rope ladder hanging from the open hatch.

Quaid grips it and starts to climb up. The airship rises a few feet.

A hand grasps Quaid's ankle!

Kaplan hangs on for dear life.

QUAID
Die, scumbag!!

Quaid stomps on his face.

Kaplan drops ten feet to the roof of the hangar. He looks up, stricken, as the airship flies away.

INT. AIRSHIP

Quaid climbs inside. Lisa turns from the controls.

LISA
Now do you trust me?

CUT TO:

EXT. MARS / TOKYO PLAZA

People cower as the mass of Demos presses down on them. Paper cups, newspapers, and trash FALL UP into the sky!

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOBOS / ROOF OF HANGAR

Kaplan stands on the roof, eyes wide with terror, as he and the whole moon of Phobos plunge toward the surface of Demos.

CUT TO:

OUTER STRATOSPHERE

The airship zooms away just as PHOBOS SMASHES INTO DEMOS!

A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION. AN EXPLOSION SO LARGE THAT IT DESTROYS PHOBOS AND DEMOS AND POSSIBLY MARS AS WELL.

EXT. PRECRIME AIRSHIP

The airship tumbles uncontrollably, bombarded by meteorites from the blast.

INT. AIRSHIP

Quaid and Lisa brace themselves as their little vessel is rocked almost to pieces by the uncountable impacts.

After a while, the pace of the pounding slows, and the ship rights itself.

OUTER STRATOSPHERE

The cosmic cloud of debris slowly clears. Phobos and Demos have been obliterated, but...

MARS IS REVEALED.....INTACT!

Pull back through the windshild and discover:

INT. AIRSHIP

Quaid and Lisa, overwhelmed with relief, reach out to each other.

In the peaceful aftermath of the cataclysm, rocks and boulders tumble through space. One object is heading straight toward them. As it spins by, we recognize Kaplan's head.

Quaid grows pensive.

QUAID
Precrime really was infallible.

LISA
Why do you say that?

QUAID
I did kill Kaplan after all.

They look at each other philosophically.

LISA
I guess it's fate.

And as they kiss...

OUTER SPACE

Their little airship heads back toward Mars.

And we see that the rubble from the cataclysm has formed celestial rings around the planet, like the ones around Saturn, only more beautiful.

THE END